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BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

ED KROCH



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CHAPTER ONE

Gregg woke up in the middle of the night with that peculiar sense of disorientation that comes from finding yourself in a strange bedroom, in a strange bed, without being able to remember how you got there. He propped himself up on one elbow, his bare chest exposed above the sheets, and ran his hand through his disheveled hair, trying to remember. Then, smiling sleepily to himself, he relaxed and lay down flat on his back again.

He must've been dreaming, he decided, because he'd thought he was back at school, in the tiny dormitory room he shared with Ralf. He shared a lot more than just the room with Ralf, of course. Gregg had woken up with one fuck of a hard-on, pulsating stiffly and insistently under the covers, and he knew it was because he'd been dreaming about Ralf—he had a vague but pleasant memory of his cock in Ralf's mouth, of Ralf's prick in his ass, of both young college jocks moaning and shuddering as they spurted their hot, fresh jism all over the place.

Some dream! Gregg reached down under the sheets, grasped his dick lightly in his hand, and began to masturbate, in a slow, languid manner, deliberately teasing himself, taking his time. In another week, thank God, semester break would be over, and he'd be back at school with Ralf. Then the two roommates and lovers could begin to make up for lost time!

Even as he toyed with his prick, however, and thought about Ralf, Gregg had to admit that he hadn't really missed his fuck buddy quite as much as he'd anticipated. His hot older brother, Glenn, and Glenn's equally hot cop lover, Leo, had kept him more than busy during his visit with them!

In fact, tonight was one of the few nights Gregg had insisted upon sleeping alone: usually he shared a bed with either Glenn or Leo, or, even more excitingly, with both older guys. But he was starting to feel worn out from indulging in so much frenzied man-to-man sex!

He was just starting to increase the pressure of his hand on his penis, stroking it slowly but surely toward an ejaculation, when he heard, above the sound of his own heavy breathing, certain tell-tale noises coming from

Glenn's bedroom next door. The walls of the old house were thin; the two men's voices carried easily in the still night.

"Give it to me, fucker! Give it to me!" Leo was gasping.

"You like that, huh" Glenn grunted.

"Don't tease me! You know I like it! I love it, you horny fucker!" the other man retorted breathlessly. "Fuck me, man! Fuck me!"

"You want it? You want more? More of my dick?"

"Yeah! All you got, buddy! Give me all the dick you've got! Up my ass, man! Shove it all right up my ass and fuck the hell out of me with that big, hard thing!"

During the few moments of tense silence that followed, Gregg sat up in bed again, shamelessly straining his ears to listen to the two guys' lovemaking. This might even be better than a wet dream, or a solo jack-off session!

Suddenly, he heard a deep, husky-sounding gasp from Leo.

"You asked for it, cop, you got it!" Glenn gloated. "Take it, man! Take my cock! Right—up—your—hot—fucking—stud—ass!" he grunted, each word punctuated by a thrust of his prick deep between Leo's buttocks, and a further gasp of excited response from the police officer!

"Oh, Glenn! Oh, Christ! Fuck me—fuck that ass of mine!" Leo moaned.

"We're going to wake up Gregg," Glenn warned his lover.

"He won't mind. Hell, call him in here! Let him screw me, too!" Leo said wildly. "Oh, God, man, I'm going to come if you keep pounding it into me like that!"

"Good! Keep your mouth shut—and keep that hot asshole of yours wide open! I'm going to fuck you until we both come!"

Gregg shivered with vicarious lust, knowing from his own recent incestuous experiences that Glenn was fully capable of carrying out his promise! He heard the creaking of bed springs—then a steadily mounting noise, as the bed itself rocked violently back and forth under the two big men's combined weight, hitting the wall each time Glenn's cock drove

home deep inside Leo's butt—Leo was moaning, no longer bothering to keep his voice down, as he obviously forgot about everything except that stud cock that was skewering in and out of his spasmodically excited guts, fucking him steadily toward orgasm!

“Close?” Glenn grunted.

“Yeah!” Leo choked.

Gregg heard more grunts, more thudding of the bed frame against the wall, as Glenn's heavy weight drove the mattress back and forth every time he lunged deep into Leo's body.

As his ears rang with the two fuck buddies' bestial sounding grunts of brutal, animalistic pleasure, Gregg began to masturbate again, but much more urgently this time. He was too excited by what he was overhearing to want to drag things out now! He wanted to come, too! Desperately!

As he wrenched his fist up and down around the stiff, throbbing cylinder of his cockshaft, his own breath coming in labored pants, Gregg could easily imagine what was going on in the bedroom next door!

He'd fucked with both men often enough to be able to visualize them now, two naked men pounding their muscular bodies violently together in the furious rhythms of anal intercourse. He could almost see the hot sweat of sexual exertion pouring down Glenn's face and chest, see the wet sheen of his muscular torso as he drove his dick so ruthlessly in and out of Leo's greedy, suctioning asshole!

And Gregg could, of course, actually hear the sharp, stinging slap of Glenn's thighs pounding down against Leo's upraised butt and the slight, but indescribably lewd, suction-like noise of his big greased cock plunging into that stud asshole, fucking it hard and fast!

“Oh—! Glenn! Fuck! I'm going to come, man!” Leo suddenly gasped out, loudly and hoarsely.

“I'm right there with you, stud! I'm coming, too!” Glenn promised, with fierce satisfaction. “Jerk yourself—blast your fucking jism all over both of us, Leo! Let me see it, feel it—!”

“Quick, Glenn, come in me! Shoot off in my ass! I'm there—ahhhhh!”

“Yeah, take it, man! Take all of my hot fuck cream right up your ass!”

“I’m coming! Jesus, am I ever coming! Look!”

“I can see it, fucker! Go ahead, squirt it all over me—I’m coming, too!”

“Oh, shit, I can feel it, Glenn! In me! In my asshole! Filling me—oh, Glenn!”

“Fuck!”

“Yeahhhhh!”

The bed hit the wall with a final, crashing thud, so hard that the mirror hung on the wall over Glenn’s dresser rattled.

Gregg squeezed his own dick so hard that it hurt as he listened to the two men. They were both moaning incoherently as they completed their fuck with a double torrent of sperm. Then there was silence, broken only by the two men’s heavy, satisfied breathing, for several minutes.

“Christ!” Glenn muttered at last. “Look at the mess we made! Jism all over the fucking bed, as usual—ever since Gregg’s come home, I’ve had to do a damn load of laundry every day, just to keep the three of us in fresh sheets!”

“Speaking of that hot kid brother of yours,” Leo yawned, “he must be one hell of a heavy sleeper, to have slept through all that noise we just made.”

“He said he was tired with us after his dick all the time—”

There was another stretch of silence, but in his imagination Gregg could easily picture the two men kissing, with sleepy, post-orgasmic languor. He could all but feel the warm, soft pressure of Glenn’s lips on his own mouth, as, trembling from head to foot with pent-up lust as a result of what he’d just overheard, he lay back comfortably and began to jerk himself toward orgasm again, his prick throbbing almost violently within his grip.

“I’m going to go to the john,” Glenn whispered, as he slipped out of bed.

There was a noise, something between a grunt and a yawn, from Leo, as he obviously rolled over in the bed and started to fall asleep again.

“Don’t wait up for me, lazy,” Glenn added mockingly.

Gregg didn’t hesitate. He waited until he was sure Glenn had had enough time to go down the hallway and into the bathroom, then he slipped out of bed, and, naked and sporting a grotesquely extended hard-on, he quickly went down the hallway in pursuit of his brother.

He was too damn excited to settle for masturbation now! He needed another man’s body and cock to make love to!

He didn’t bother to knock as he pushed open the bathroom door and surprised Glenn, who was standing, yawning, in front of the shower stall—his magnificent nude body beaded with drops of sweat, and smeared with rapidly drying jism around the crotch and belly and thighs. Glenn looked fucked out, and Gregg had never seen him look so utterly sexual and provocative!

He smiled at Gregg. “I guess Leo and I got a little carried away. Sorry if we woke you up.”

“I was having a little trouble falling asleep, anyway,” Gregg lied. “I thought I was tired. I was—tired, but horny, too. It’s a weird feeling.”

Glenn nonchalantly reached down and fondled his penis, scratching himself under his balls, and Gregg, watching him manipulate himself, felt an answering tug in his own turgid genitals. He couldn’t deny it: he had the hots for his own brother! And he also had every intention of seducing him!

“That’s some hard-on you’ve got there, kid,” Glenn teased him. “I was about to take a shower. I need it, after that fuck I just threw into Leo—want to join me?”

“Sure.”

Glenn turned on the spray, adjusted the temperature, and stood there, waiting for the water to heat up before getting under it. During the delay, Gregg boldly walked toward him and got down on his knees in front of his big brother.

He put his hands over his brother’s ass cheeks and pressed his face against Glenn’s cock and balls, inhaling the musky scent of his groin, pushing his nose in tightly against Glenn’s matted pubic hair and letting his famished lips kiss the thick root of his penis before he I finally opened his

slavering mouth wide and spread his tongue against the meat and lapped at the potent flesh.

The thought that Glenn had just fucked Leo silly with that big prick of his excited Gregg horribly, and he slurped wantonly at the shaft of the cock, tickling it with his tongue until it began to jerk upward and outward into erection again.

Glenn groaned above him.

“That feels good, kid,” he whispered. “Oh, yeah, does that ever feel good! My prick always feels a little sensitive, right after I’ve come—there’s nothing like a hot, wet tongue rubbing all over it, to make it feel better, after a good, strong come like that!”

Encouraged by Glenn’s praise, Gregg stooped between Glenn’s legs and arched his neck, so that the cockhead could rub over his tongue as well. He flicked his tongue-tip over the blond-furred balls that hung in his face, and he felt the increasing urgency of Glenn’s response, the tense throbbing of the organ he now caressed in one hand as he licked and sucked the testicles.

Then he felt Glenn’s hands on his shoulders, pulling his face tighter into his crotch in mute invitation. Glenn groaned. Gregg groaned in reply. He closed his slick lips around the head of the dick and sucked it, twisting his mouth from side to side, agitating the flesh with his tongue. He could feel the tense hunching of Glenn’s hips and buttocks as he blew him.

“The water’s hot,” Glenn moaned. “We’d better get under it—I’m going to lose another load if you keep up that hot licking and sucking on my dick, baby brother!”

“Ummmmm,” Gregg moaned, reluctant to give up the cock even for a second. He wanted nothing so much as a load of Glenn’s semen, preferably blasted down his throat or up his ass. But he relinquished the cock, giving it a final wet kiss on its tip, tasting a drop of semen oozing from the piss slit, and ran his fingers and tongue down the shaft, making it quiver hotly in frustration.

“Come on,” Glenn grunted. “Get in here with me—let’s get wet, Gregg.”

The shower stall was on the small side for two well-built men, but that was all the better for what they had in mind. Their naked bodies were inevitably jammed closely together, and as the warm water fell down over them and wet their hair, running down their chests and backs, Glenn's cock rose against Gregg's belly, hard and ready and eager for action.

He pressed himself passionately against his younger brother, whose cock also got bigger—longer and thicker—dwarfing his big balls once it attained full erection.

Glenn couldn't take this erotic suspense any longer. He went down on his knees, and the water fell like a downpour of rain on his face, blinding him, and over his neck and shoulders as he sucked that juicy young stud cock with a passionate hunger, thirsting for his brother's sperm.

"Turn around," he grunted above the noise of the water and Gregg's gasps and whimpers of pleasure; and Gregg did, putting both of his hands flat against the wet tiled wall to steady himself.

He guessed what Glenn had in mind, and spread his legs wide, relaxing his buttocks. Glenn could see his kid brother's dick hanging between his thighs, the wet blond hair on his balls. He clasped Gregg around the thighs and began licking his asshole, which was being steadily rinsed clean by the relentless shower spray that was drenching them both.

He ran his fingers down Gregg's inner thighs and could feel his body jerk with excitement as he rimmed that sweet, butch ass, digging his agile tongue deep into the slippery flesh that lined the hole.

He pressed backward with his hands, so that Gregg's ass jutted back into his face, smothering him, the buttocks engulfing his nostrils and his mouth. He lapped away energetically at the sphincter ring, wetting it thoroughly with his spit, and then shoved the full length of his stiffened tongue inside the hole, straining to reach as high as possible up into the bowel.

He heard the boy howl with lust above the sound of falling water that thundered in his ears, and, quickly, he reached between Gregg's thighs and gripped his cock in both hands. He worked the foreskin back and forth until the prickhead pulsed and spasmed hotly in his hands while his tongue continued to fuck his kid brother's wildly responsive asshole.

The asshole, too, convulsed heatedly around his tongue, and he could feel the anal muscles trying to pull his tongue in deeper, where only a cock could go.

He released his grip on Gregg's cock and stood up, and as he did so, his stiff pecker came up between the cleft of the boy's ass. The buttocks held him for a moment and he took advantage of it, pressing forward as he found the tight rim and broke inside the ass roughly, demandingly.

"You want it?" he gasped. "You want it, Gregg?"

"Yeah," the younger brother moaned, shuddering against his body with helpless lust. "Like Leo, man—fuck me the way you just fucked Leo! Fuck my ass for me, Glenn!"

As the spray from the showerhead hit, he drove his dick upward. Gregg's asshole spasmed furiously around his thick shaft and Gregg began to pump with his own hips, trying his best to relax and take it all.

A small cry of pain escaped from his lips at the first full penetration, when Glenn's dickhead stretched his sphincter muscle wide open; but Glenn quickly gathered him into his arms and let his hands slide down over his tight belly and into the wet crotch hair and along the hard shaft of his cock, lifting it and fondling it, rubbing the balls.

He drew Gregg's quivering body upward in a tight bear hug, impaling him fully on his prick at the same time. Gregg moaned as his sphincter stretched taut around the base of his brother's cockshaft. His palms slid wetly along the tiles on the wall as Glenn fucked him with fierce, hard lunges from his hips.

"Fuck me, Glenn," he gasped. "Oh, yeah, fuck my ass, for me!"

"It's in you, kid," Glenn hissed into his ear, between wet licks from his extended and probing tongue. "All the way up your hot, tight little butch ass, brother, all the way to the balls!"

Gregg began to hump his butt against Glenn's groin. "I can feel it! So go ahead and fuck me, man! Fuck me hard! Make my asshole beg for your cock. Ram it all the way up into my throat from below, if you can! I want to feel your dick in me everywhere, fucking me from one end of my body to the other, fucking me all night long—!"

Glenn kissed his neck, biting into the succulent flesh, sucking on it, his cock thrusting deep up the asshole. Each time he shoved it in, Gregg jerked and clutched at the slippery wall for support, moving with him, riding his meat, begging for more.

“Give it to me, Glenn!” the boy shouted. “Harder! Harder! Fuck my ass! I’m man enough to take it, damn you! I’m man enough to take every inch of your big prick up my ass!”

“You sure are, brother!”

Glenn held tightly onto the kid’s swollen cock as he fucked him, Gregg’s foreskin rolling freely in his fingers’ grip as he pummeled that willingly relaxed asshole with every turgid inch of his cock.

Both men were quaking with lust from head to foot. The hot water rushed over their faces and into their mouths, and their tongues came out and rolled over their slack, panting lips in ecstasy as they humped away at each other. They were sweating from the heat, and Glenn groaned loudly as he fucked Gregg’s ass.

“Don’t come yet,” Gregg pleaded. “Save it for a little later.”

“I can’t. I’ve got to fucking unload,” his brother gasped. “You’re too hot, too good a fuck—you’re sucking the jism right out of my whang with that horny butt of yours.”

His hips battered Gregg’s spread ass cheeks. Again and again, he drove deep into Gregg, and each time he was sure that his prick reached a now depth of penetration. And Gregg took it all, uncomplainingly, exulting in his brother’s use of his body!

“Don’t come!” he moaned.

“Oh, Christ!” Glenn choked, shuddering, it rushing up from his balls, a hot, thick tide of seminal liquid, sweeping all before it!

“Don’t shoot—I want to suck it off for you, swallow your goddamn come!” Gregg begged.

But it was too late! The sperm boiled up into Glenn’s cockshaft and erupted fiercely into Gregg’s clenching asshole. He felt Glenn’s thrusts into him come to a shuddering halt, and he pressed his ass firmly and hotly

against the big man's body with his rectum stretched around the throbbing hard-on that now spewed all of its hot lava high up inside his guts, in a foamy floodtide of incestuous delight.

"Jesus—fucking—Christ!" Glenn gritted out, as each new spasm left him.

"It's okay," Gregg moaned. "There's more—I know what a stud you are, big brother—I know that coming twice in a row is nothing for you—promise me you're going to give me more of your come before the night's over!"

Glenn gathered the other horny stud in his arms and held him greedily against his groin, savoring the way Gregg's asshole clamped around his prickshaft, as his dick jerked its way sluggishly through its prolonged ejaculation.

When he could finally trust himself to talk above a feeble gasp, he said, "Oh, there's more, all right. There's going to be a hell of a lot more before I let you get away from me tonight! You little prickteaser! You could give a dead man a boner!"

They got out of the shower and dried off together, grinning at each other, but they weren't even out of the bathroom before they started fooling around again. Dropping his towel on the floor, Glenn put his arms around Gregg and pulled him against his chest, kissing him hungrily on the mouth, cupping a buttock in each hand, squeezing firmly, letting his fingers dig into the solid but smooth and warm young flesh of that ass.

He could feel the tufts of damp blond hair lining the cleft between the ass cheeks, and he touched the tiny asshole he'd just fucked with a fingertip, feeling it contract in automatic response to the pressure.

When they finally broke their long, tongue-sucking kiss, Gregg's eyes glazed over with lust as he stared at his brother's face.

"You can have that again if you want it. If you're up to it. You can shove that big hard prick of yours right up my ass and fuck the shit out of me with it, any time you want to, you know."

"Jesus, Gregg! If I want to! Who the hell wouldn't want to? You're gorgeous!"

“So’s your cock, Glenn.” Gregg’s hand reached out and seized the swollen, knobby penis, kneading it roughly. A drop of clear jism oozed from the slit. “God, you are horny tonight, aren’t you? Look, you’re dripping come again already! Don’t waste it, though. Don’t shoot it off before I’ve had a chance to play with this thing.

“I want it in my mouth, so I can give it a good, long suck—and then I want you to put it in my asshole again. I want your fucking jism, too. I want to taste it, feel it flying down my throat and up into my asshole—I want all you’ve got in your big stud balls, every fucking drop of your hot come!”

Glenn groaned. “It’s all yours, brother. It’s all yours!” He pulled Gregg against him in a firm, macho embrace again. “Only, I think we’d better go wake Leo up first. I think he deserves a share of the action—and I’m not sure I can handle you, all by myself!”

CHAPTER TWO

Mike McReynolds leaned back against the trunk of a tree to steady himself as he raised a heavy pair of binoculars to his eyes and adjusted the focus screw.

It was a crisp, clear autumn day, and almost eerily quiet out here on the top of a wooded hill. When Mike shivered slightly, though, it was from pent-up excitement, not because of the chill in the air. In any event, he was warmly dressed for the occasion.

In his hiking boots, jeans, and plaid flannel shirt—the latter worn over a thermal undershirt—and with his curly brown hair blowing in the wind, he certainly didn't look like a desperado who was buisily planning a prison break. He looked more like a hunter, or a college student on a hike.

Far below him, in the valley, was the state prison—an ugly grey stone block of a building, its walls and electrified fences, crowned with barbed wire and interspersed with lookout towers, slashing across the stark landscape like a raw wound.

Mike had spent most of every day for the past month doggedly exploring the terrain around the prison, and spying on the prison itself through his binoculars, drawing maps and taking mental notes. It had been a monotonous, lonely vigil, but now at last his patience was starting to pay off.

He knew that the safest way to help his brother, Shane, escape would also be the simplest one. It would be dangerous and probably a waste of time and energy to develop elaborate plans to infiltrate the prison itself. What they needed, Mike had decided weeks ago, was some sort of a lucky break—some chink in the prison's security system. Today, he had stumbled across it.

This afternoon, he was observing not the prison grounds themselves, but a ravine at the foot of the hill he was standing on. There was a dirt road that wound its way through the hills, finally connecting with the main highway. At noon, a flatbed truck had left the prison gates and headed for the ravine.

Mike's heart had begun to beat madly with excitement the moment he trained his binoculars on the truck. One uniformed guard was driving it, and another was seated in the back, with a rifle. He was keeping his eye on a work detail of about a dozen convicts, who had shovels and wheelbarrows and other equipment at their feet.

Even before the truck reached its destination and ground to a halt, Mike had guessed, correctly, what was going on. There was a drainage ditch winding its way through the bottom of the ravine, designed to carry away excess rain water and, in the springtime, melted snow, in order to minimize erosion. Now, the ditch was choked with mud, stones, and dead leaves. The prisoners had obviously been pressed into service to clear it out before the really cold winter weather hit—a yearly chore, Mike surmised.

He further speculated that only the younger inmates, the guys who were in good physical shape, would be chosen for this particular work detail. Scarcely daring to hope that Shane might be among them, Mike trained the binoculars on the truck as the men started to climb off and get to work, under the rather negligent supervision of the two very bored-looking guards.

“Jackpot!” Mike hissed out loud, under his breath. His whole rugged body tensed, and he almost came in his pants, as he spotted his brother right away. Shane looked incredibly fit and hot in his tight jeans, prison shirt, and work boots. He'd evidently been doing some serious iron-pumping—his shoulders and arms bulged with muscles that threatened to split the seams of the shirt right open!—and his long, silky black hair was kept out of his eyes by a red bandanna tied around his forehead, so it was easy to distinguish him from the other guys on the work crew.

Mike prided himself on being able to keep his emotions under control, but his first sight of his brother in the flesh in a couple of years still threatened to get the better of him. He mastered himself with an effort, and concentrated on checking out every detail of the activity below him.

He immediately realized that it would take the crew several days to clear out the entire length of the drainage ditch. Both guards had shotguns, and were also equipped with walkie-talkies, so that it would be easy for them to raise the alarm if one or more of the inmates tried to make a run for it.

But the guards' false sense of security might work to Mike's advantage—his mind, always active and resourceful, was racing away, already coming up with possible escape scenarios, evaluating them, rejecting them.

Shane and his buddies, he saw with amusement, were working like animals, or machines, patiently shoveling out the ditch, hauling stones away, sweating from the truly back-breaking labor.

If he had a rifle, Mike thought coldly, he could take out both of the guards before they'd know what had hit them, then drag Shane away into the woods with him during the inevitable confusion. But Mike wasn't a killer, and he knew he could come up with a better plan to spirit his brother away from the work detail.

After changing his position a couple of times and making certain that he couldn't be observed from below, Mike stuck it out doggedly, keeping the binoculars fixed to his face like a second pair of eyes. He wanted to ascertain every detail of the work crew's routine—and, especially, the guards'. They were incredibly sloppy, he noted with a mixture of delight and contempt. They allowed the prisoners in their charge to wander off in every direction during their breaks, to smoke cigarettes or take leaks behind the bushes.

Hell! If Mike had only been prepared for this unexpected break, he might've risked getting Shane away that very day, at this rate!

The inmates had been at it for several hours, and the sun was already dipping low on the horizon, ready to set when Shane and a well-muscled young black dude—evidently a fellow weightlifter—approached one of the guards.

Mike watched the little group intently. Shane and his buddy seemed to be making some sort of suggestion—the guard shrugged, looking as bored as ever, and, after conferring with his uniformed colleague, seemed to give the two cons permission to do whatever-the-hell it was they had in mind.

Mystified, but increasingly excited, Mike watched his brother and his black friend as they fetched a heavy metal bucket from the back of the truck, and went off into the woods together—in a direction opposite from where Mike was stationed, unfortunately; but quickly moving out of the two guards' eyesight!

Mike pursued them with the binoculars—he quickly realized that Shane and his buddy had gone to a bend in the stream that fed the ditch, where the water was clearer, and were filling the bucket with clean water to take back to the other guys. While they were at it, they were stripping off their muddy and sweat-soaked shirts, and washing off their own faces and arms and chests with their hands.

Completely unaware that they were being observed from the top of the densely wooded hill nearby, Shane glanced back over his shoulder to make sure that neither of the guards could still see him and Dick through the brush. “Fucking screws,” he bitched to his buddy. “I think they’re going to keep us out here, busting our asses in this filth, until after sundown!”

Dick grunted good-naturedly. “What difference does it make?” he pointed out. “We’ll just be back out here tomorrow afternoon—and every day after that, until this goddamn job’s done.”

Shane grinned at him. “I guess you got a point.”

“It was a smart move of yours, to suggest that we go on this little water expedition,” Dick laughed, as he rinsed the caked mud from his massive pecs flexing them lazily, stretching his arm and shoulder muscles in the dying light.

“Anything to get the extra break—get away from those assholes, even for a few minutes,” his erstwhile fuck buddy retorted.

Dick brazenly reached down between his legs and, cupping his genitals through the crotch of his wet and dirty jeans, half-groped, half-scratched himself.

“Christ, I’m horny,” he complained. “Hey, Shane, how’s that old man of yours treating you?”

“Ben?” It was common knowledge in the cell block that Shane and Ben Eckenrode were now not only hooked up with each other, but in fact sharing the same cell. “We’ve been getting our rocks off with each other pretty regularly,” he boasted.

“I sort of miss the wild fuck and suck sessions we used to have, man—his dick bigger than mine?” Dick demanded lewdly. As he spoke, his fingers squeezed the lump in his groin even more urgently, inevitably

directing Shane's attention to it. Dick was getting a hard-on—no doubt about it!

“Quit trying to bulshit me, Dick. I've seen you staring at Ben in the showers after our workouts. You know he's hung just about as heavy as you are. There's maybe a millimeter's difference. And, believe me, once it's in your mouth or up your ass, who can tell the difference?”

Shane's explicit talk encouraged Dick to grope himself even more indecently. “Man, I've been dying to get my nuts off ever since we got our asses assigned to this fucking work detail,” the husky black bodybuilder panted. “Hey, I got an idea, Shane! Why don't you whip your prick out and we can trade blow jobs or something, real quick, before we have to go back?”

Shane shook his head, although he continued to stare at Dick's awesome genital display, which was now threatening to rip its way right out of his jeans.

“I don't think that's such a hot idea, Dick. For one thing, I'm trying to be faithful to Ben, now that we're hooked up. I'm tired of being just another cell block whore. And it'd be pretty risky for us to try anything out here. If we get caught—”

“We won't get caught, man,” Dick urged him in a whisper, stepping close to Shane and putting his black palm flat on the solid mound of Shane's pectoral muscle. His thumb stroked the long-haired bodybuilder's nipple, which was already erect from the chilly late-afternoon air that caressed both men's bare torsos. “Not if we hurry! We can hear those fucking screws coming from a mile away, with those heavy boots they wear and all the handcuffs and shit they got dangling from their belts. And Ben'll never have to know you had yourself quickie today. I miss you, man. I miss all of that hot cocksucking and assfucking we used to do together!”

As he spoke, he ran his hand down Shane's chest and belly to his waistband and deftly opened the top button of Shane's tight jeans, then unzipped his fly. “Whip it out for me, fucker,” the black man gasped. “We won't get caught,” he repeated, as he fished Shane's thick length of stiffening prick meat out of his pants and stroked it passionately with his charcoal-colored fingers, staring down at it hungrily. “Not if we hurry! We

can always tell those asshole guards that we had our pants down so we could wash our crotches, too—or take a shit in the woods,” he laughed.

He got down on his knees in the dirt and fastened his smooth dark lips around the fat head of his buddy’s cock, sucking the entire length of the shaft inside his mouth as it quickly swelled into full rigidity and began to respond to the pressure of his mouth, the steady stroking of his agile tongue. Shane groaned, put his hands down on Dick’s huge bare shoulders to support himself, and let his buddy suck him. Aware of the need for haste, Dick quickly tore open his own bursting jeans and began to masturbate his enormous ebony prong with one calloused fist, his biceps knotting up from the physical effort of the rough hand job he was giving himself as he ate Shane’s meat with voracious glee.

Mike couldn’t believe what he was seeing! His hands shook as he tried to hold the binoculars steady and adjusted the focus to bring the blow job into even sharper view! Shane’s cockshaft, pumping madly in and out of Dick’s pursed and slurping black lips, seemed many times larger than life, filling the entire viewing field of the powerful lenses Mike was watching the two convicts through.

Oddly enough, Mike didn’t feel any jealousy as he watched his brother getting blown by his well-built and well-hung black friend. He was glad that Shane had such a hot, butch number to trick with, and he admired his brother’s daring, even while he tried to calculate the risk of the two horny prisoners getting caught in the act by one of the guards.

In any event, it was one hell of a sex show, Mike had to admit, as he kept the binoculars glued to his eyes and felt his own prick push restlessly against the front of his tight jeans.

Both guys were quick on the trigger, their lust no doubt heightened by their sense of danger. In less than a minute, Shane was shuddering and moaning his way through what was obviously a violent and highly satisfying orgasm, fucking Dick’s mouth and throat with frenzied strokes. The black dude took it all, allowing Shane’s prickshaft to ream out his throat with choking force.

His jism exploded down Dick’s throat, and he was still spurting it helplessly when Dick pulled his semen-smeared lips away from the

pulsating fuck tool he'd just sucked and turned around. He bent over, reaching back with both hands to grab and part his muscular black buttocks.

"Fuck me, Shane!" he grunted. "First with your tongue, man, to get my asshole good and wet! Then with your cock! Hurry!"

Shane was too horny from his almost-interrupted ejaculation to hesitate for so much as a second! He knelt down and licked Dick's anus with lascivious thoroughness. Only when he felt his tongue beginning to tire inside the spasmodic grip of the black stud's tight, butch asshole did he stop, stand up again, and insert his cock into the aperture instead. Well lubricated by his saliva and his own jism, Shane's prick plunged all the way into his buddy's asshole and he began to hump Dick immediately, taking him anally with rutting, bestial force.

"Oh, Christ!" Dick gurgled. "Oh, shit! Fuck me, man, fuck me! Oh, yeah, baby! That's what I've been missing! God damn it, for a white boy, you sure do know how to fuck ass!"

He bent over completely, bracing himself on the ground with both palms, his head almost touching the soil, his ass obscenely upraised and split, bracing himself and shaking with lustful response as Shane's fuck pole filled him to capacity.

"I can't believe it," Shane panted. "I'm going to come again, already!" he warned between heavy gasps for breath, his pelvis pumping faster and faster between Dick's ass cheeks.

"Do it!" Dick growled. He took one hand off the ground and began to masturbate again, aiming his prick at the dirt below his head like a big black pistol. "Shoot your fucking load right into me, man! Fill my fucking asshole to the brim with your goddamn jism!"

Shane blasted deep inside his buddy's ass, and both men shuddered in ecstasy as Dick, too, began to spurt, his thick white come gushing out onto the soil like so much sleet.

Just watching them climax together like that, Mike almost shot off in his pants, too. But then he almost suffered from cardiac arrest as he caught sight of one the guards, thrashing his way noisily through the thick brush, on his way to check on the two missing convicts!

Luckily for them, Dick and Shane had heard the guard's clumsy approach, too. Shane yanked his prick out of Dick's ass, and both men straightened up, their pants pushed down to their knees.

"Piss," Shane whispered fiercely, taking his soiled dick in his hand, wiping the jism from it, and tickling it to get the flow of urine started.

"I can't!" Dick complained.

"This is no time to get pee-shy, for Christ's sake! Piss! Just pretend you're pissing all over me, man!" Shane hissed.

Even as the words escaped from his lips, the first jet of his hot urine burst free from the tip of his cock and shot in an arc through the air, raining down upon the earth at his feet. Dick forced himself to relax and quickly started a second stream of piss going. Both men were pissing away merrily when the surly-looking guard finally found them.

"What's taking you guys so long?" he demanded.

"We both had to take a leak, sir," Shane said brazenly. The liquid proof of his statement was still gushing from both prisoner's exposed pricks.

"Jesus!" the guard exclaimed. "What a couple of animals you guys are! Couldn't you wait until we got back to the prison? Well, hurry up! Zip up your pants and bring that water back, so the other men can start to wash up. We're done for the day."

CHAPTER THREE

With a heroic exercise of will power, Mike restrained himself until he was sure that Mike and his buddy weren't in any trouble with the guard. He even watched, carefully and cold-bloodedly, while the convicts on the work crew washed up as best as they could in the bucket of water, then loaded their tools onto the truck and drove off. Only after the truck had disappeared from view through the gate in the prison wall did Mike put the binoculars down. It was getting dark by then, anyway, and the air was starting to feel quite cold.

Mike didn't mind being alone in the dark, cold woods. He was too inflamed by what he had just observed to really feel the chill in the air! He sat down matter-of-factly at the foot of a tree, spread his legs out in front of him, and opened his jeans. In a few seconds, he had his pants and undershorts pulled down, his stiff prick clasped in his fist, and was masturbating mindlessly, totally—if temporarily—at the mercy of his voyeuristic lust.

Perhaps because of the self-control he'd exercised up until now, his self-abuse seemed more intense, more satisfying, than usual. Even doing it in the open air like this seemed to add to the kink!

"Fucking studs," he swore out loud, deliberately using the sound of his own deep voice to further excite himself, and thinking about how hot Shane had looked, leaning over that big black stallion of a man, screwing him up the ass and making him come all over the ground. "What a pair of fucking, big-dicked, hot-assed studs! Going at it like two animals fucking in the woods—dick in his mouth—cock up his ass—fucking, fucking—coming—pissing—oh, God! What a goddamn turn-on!"

Unlike Shane and Dick, Mike had all the time in the world to get his rocks off; but his lust was too urgent, his need too great, for his jerk-off session to last for more than a few breathless minutes of nonstop manual activity. He punished his prick rather than making love to it with his hand, squeezing the shaft tightly just below the swollen head and wrenching it quite roughly up and down, until he could feel the ache in his balls turn into

real pain and his penis quite literally looked ready to explode inside his grip.

Then he came, his sperm flying gloriously high, unimpeded, raining back down upon his hand, his crotch, his thighs, the dry, dead leaves he was sitting bare-assed on as he played with himself in the gathering dusk. It was undeniably one of the wildest hand jobs Mike had ever treated himself to, and he savored it like a sexual connoisseur, using his other hand to wipe up some of his thick, slimy semen and transfer it to his panting lips.

He licked the jism from his fingertips, then sucked each of his fingers clean in turn, luxuriating in the salty taste of the fresh, hot sperm as it was absorbed by his tongue. He caressed his slippery-wet penis until he was certain that it had no more fluid to give up for the moment, then relaxed against the rough-barked tree trunk, waiting for his heartbeat and his breathing to slow back down to normal. He wasn't in any hurry to leave the spot.

He got up, wiped himself off with his handkerchief, zipped up, and sauntered back down the hill to where he'd left his four-wheel-drive Jeep. It was quite dark by now, and he turned the headlamps on as he slowly made his way back to the main highway.

He wasn't particularly alarmed when a police car passed him, but he did feel a slight twinge of anxiety when the patrol car, which he was watching in his rearview mirror, made a U-turn and followed him.

Mike calmly pulled over, not waiting for the cop to catch up with him, and, sure enough, the other vehicle pulled up behind him.

He knew that this small town maintained a small police force, but this was his first actual encounter with one of them. Mike was pleasantly surprised when the cop who came up to the driver's side of the Jeep, taking long, casual strides, turned out to be not some bloated, beer-bellied redneck, but a lean, handsome, fortyish "hot daddy" type. He was the kind of man who looked good in uniform.

"Is there a problem, officer?" Mike asked innocently, already swinging one leg out of the Jeep. "I'm sure I couldn't have been speeding—"

"Just routine," Leo assured him. He had a big flashlight in his hand, and he matter-of-factly directed it around inside the Jeep. "Can I see your

driver's license and registration, please?"

"Sure." Mike handed the cop the two documents, both of which were expert—and expensive—forgeries, as phony as a three-dollar bill, but utterly convincing to look at. He had fake ID in his wallet as well, and nothing in his possession with his real name or last address. He was "Mark Rinaldi" for the duration of this visit to the area!

"Well, everything seems to be in order, Mr. Rinaldi," Leo said pleasantly. "I'm just making a routine check—you see, we don't get too many tourists around here, and whenever I see a car with an out-of-state license plate—I like to check it out. Especially so close to the state prison."

"Oh, is the state prison around here?" Mike asked innocently.

Leo gestured. "About five miles in that direction."

"I didn't know it was that close."

"What are you doing with those binoculars, if you don't mind my asking?"

Mike grinned at Leo. "I don't mind at all. I was birdwatching."

"Birdwatching in the dark?"

"It didn't get dark until about fifteen minutes ago," Mike pointed out, laughing, "and that's when they come out for the night you know."

Leo looked wary. "No, I don't know—"

"Great horned owls," Mike explained. "Do you mind if I stretch my legs for a minute? I've been hiking all day." Leo shook his head, and Mike slid out of the driver's seat. He leaned back against the fender of the Jeep, and smiled at Leo.

"Great horned owls," he repeated. "I study them. I'm an ornithologist, you see. I teach at a university down south. Didn't you know that this area is one of the biggest breeding areas for owls in the whole country? Look," he added excitedly, showing Leo a looseleaf notebook, "I make a note of each sighting—with this camera, I can even photograph the owls at night. It's got an infrared lens, you see. And these little metal clips—they're coded bands, you see, that can be placed around the birds' legs to identify them, so we can keep track of their migratory patterns. Oh, it's fascinating!"

Leo certainly seemed convinced—although whether by Mike’s good looks and friendly manner and enthusiasm, or by his carefully assembled props, all part of his cover story, Mike couldn’t be sure.

“You sure seem to be into it,” the cop remarked. “Just be careful, wandering around in the woods all by yourself, okay? I wouldn’t want some trigger-happy deer hunter to pop you by accident, or something.”

“Oh, I’m very careful,” Mike promised. He hesitated. “Hey—it’s getting late and I haven’t had anything to eat all day, except for a couple of sandwiches. Can you recommend a decent diner or something near here?”

“There’s a place down the road that’s pretty popular with the truckers,” Leo laughed. “And with the local people—I was on my way there myself, for my dinner break, when I decided to check you out.”

“Why don’t you lead me there, so I can treat you to dinner?” Mike suggested brazenly. “I’ve got some questions I’d like to ask you, about the local geography and terrain, for example—”

“You got yourself a deal,” Leo laughed. “Only, I’ve got to let you in on a little secret. I never have to pick up a check in this town, anyway! All of the restaurants like to see a cop hanging around; it makes the customers feel more secure. So dinner will have to be on me. You can leave the tip.”

Mike followed Leo to the diner, and, over the meal, told him about his purely imaginary work with owls and bombarded him with questions about the town and the surrounding countryside. He even pulled out a map, right there at the dinner table, and made notes while Leo pointed out various back roads and landmarks to him at his request.

What Mike really wanted to know, of course, was the fastest and safest way of getting the hell out of town, without being observed or intercepted. Leo, like a good cop, was most cooperative, and Mike milked him for all he was worth.

“Where are you staying, Mark?” Leo asked him, as they left the diner.

“I just got into town today,” Mike lied, “so I haven’t really found a place yet. Can you recommend a cheap motel?”

“I can do better than that,” Leo said impulsively. “I’ve got plenty of room at my place.”

Mike hesitated. He hadn't quite anticipated this! "Oh, I couldn't possibly impose on you like that. I'm sure your wife wouldn't like it, for one thing—"

"I'm divorced," Leo said bluntly. "I live alone, in town. I've got the whole house to myself, and there are a couple of extra bedrooms. You'd have plenty of space for all of your equipment and stuff—"

"Well, maybe for just a week or two," Mike said cautiously. "Then I'll probably be moving on, to another area of the state. And I wouldn't feel right about it unless you let me pay you for the use of the room."

"I won't say no to a couple of bucks," Leo admitted.

"The university reimburses me for such expenses, anyway," Mike lied. "It's all federal money, from conservation programs."

"It's settled, then. Come on."

Mike knew that he was playing with fire by accepting Leo's offer of a place to stay. But, on the other hand, he couldn't think of a better way to support his alibi and keep the local police force from becoming suspicious of him! And some sixth sense had already alerted him to the possibility that Leo might be gay.

He was divorced, and lived alone—he was probably lonely, and horny. If he was, Mike was more than ready to take full, cynical advantage of the fact!

He'd do anything—lie, cheat, steal—give his body to anyone, fuck anybody, if it could help him get his brother out of that hellhole of a state prison!

Leo seemed eager to play host. He fussed over Mike, treating him like a long-lost buddy.

When the phone rang, Mike excused himself. "I think I'll treat myself to a nice long, hot shower before I hit the sack."

He went upstairs while Leo took the call. Mike turned on the shower, then stripped, went naked into Leo's bedroom, and shamelessly listened in to the conversation on the upstairs extension.

It wasn't disappointing. Leo was telling some other guy all about his new "roomer."

"He's so hot," he moaned, sounding more like a lovesick teenager than the tough cop he seemed to be. Listening, Mike had to grin with self-satisfaction.

The other man laughed. "Do you really think he could be gay—this birdwatching college professor of yours?"

"I don't know! He acts awfully butch. But I thought I caught a few subtle hints during dinner. Would you be terribly jealous if I did end up making it with him?"

"Go for it, man," the other guy said lewdly. "Go for it!"

Mike stopped his eavesdropping at this point, deciding that he was unlikely to learn anything further to his advantage, and got under the shower.

When he was finished, he dried himself off, wrapped the towel around his waist, and went back downstairs again. Leo had finished his phone call, and had changed out of his cop uniform into a soft terrycloth bathrobe. He'd lit a fire in the fireplace, and was pouring out two snifters of brandy.

"I thought you might like a nightcap," he explained, as he handed the half-naked Mike one. His eyes swept over Mike's body appraisingly.

"Thanks," Mike said fervently. "I'm really enjoying your hospitality—I almost feel as though I'm taking advantage of you, Leo. Who was that on the phone?"

"Just a friend. He lives right down the street. I work out with him sometimes."

"What else is there to do in this town at night?" Mike asked, as he sipped his brandy and sat down on the carpeted floor in front of the fire. The towel stretched taut across his husky thighs, and he was sure that Leo could glimpse his cock and balls, if he looked. And the cop was looking, all right.

Leo shrugged. "It's pretty quiet."

"No bars?"

“Sure there’re bars.”

Mike smiled at him. “Mostly male customers, I’m sure.”

Leo looked excited, but tried to hide it. “There’re even a couple of gay bars. Not here in town,” he added quickly. “But in the area.”

“Do you ever go to them? In your professional capacity I mean?”

Leo seemed flustered. “Not—in my professional capacity,” he stammered. “Just for the, hell of it. Sometimes,” he admitted awkwardly.

“A lot of gay men are really turned on by cops.” Mike basked in front of the fire, twisting his body slowly from side to side, soaking up the heat. “Man, this feels great! I can’t imagine anything nicer—more sensual—than getting drunk, naked, in front of a fire.” He stripped off the towel, and casually used it to mop the beads of sweat from his face and chest. “I’m starting to sweat,” he announced, as he exposed himself to Leo, completely naked. His cock was already beginning to stiffen—a combination of genuine lust, and excitement at the hazardous game he was playing.

Leo was simply staring at him, not even drinking from the glass in his hand.

“I haven’t had sex in ages,” Mike said, with a low, husky laugh, as he gazed into the flames. “I’ve been spending so much time out in the field, alone, chasing down those goddamn great horned owls—I haven’t even had time to masturbate. Motel rooms aren’t very sexy, anyway. Not when you’re traveling alone. I may have to get you to give me directions to those gay bars, before my visit here’s over. A hot blow job sure would feel good right about now.”

He glanced up at Leo. “Jesus, I forgot that you’re a cop,” he joked. “I guess I just confessed to at least having the intent to commit a misdemeanor or something—I hope you aren’t going to arrest me, Leo.”

Leo walked toward him. “Not in my own house. That would be tacky.”

He set the brandy down, untied the sash of his robe, and opened it, then shrugged it off. Nude, he posed in front of the fireplace, also basking in the heat from the flames.

“It does feel good to be naked in front of the fire,” he whispered.

“Get closer,” Mike urged him. “Sit down here, next to me—!”

Leo was trembling with excitement when Mike pulled him down on top of him on the carpet just in front of the hearth.

They embraced and kissed in a frenzy of mutual physical need, Leo’s warm, wet tongue pushing itself deep into Mike’s willingly opened and responsive mouth. As they kissed, sucking hard on each other’s tongues, rubbing their naked bodies together, Leo jabbed his huge, hard cock in between the other man’s parted thighs, so that Mike’s balls rubbed against the upper part of the shaft.

Mike responded at once by clamping down with his strong thigh muscles, using his legs to hold the cop’s prickshaft tightly in place between them, pressed against his groin, his lips still nuzzling passionately against Leo’s. Slowly and provocatively, he began to make fucking motions with his hips, as he squirmed against the other man, so that Leo’s cock plunged back and forth between his thighs, and the snub nose of the penis stuck out on the opposite side and appeared just below Mike’s buttocks.

“You’re going to fuck me, aren’t you, cop?” Mike gasped. He tightened his thighs even more around Leo’s rigid dick and humped backward, pulling the thick length of stiff prick along with him.

“Fuck you, hell! I’m going to come, instead, if you keep that up!” Leo warned.

But, too aroused by the humpy young stud he’d picked up and brought home, he treated himself to a few more wild dry fucks between Mike’s legs, before he forced himself to stop humping him like that.

“I’m going to come unless you give me a chance to cool down,” he said again, panting against the side of his new sex partner’s neck and sticking his tongue out to lick the slightly salty flesh.

“Don’t do that. Not yet! Don’t come yet!”

Mike could feel the urgent throbbing of the policeman’s cock between his thighs, and he writhed away from him. Without pressing their bodies together, he leaned over and kissed Leo again, planting his mouth firmly against Leo’s warm lips.

Their kiss was extremely exciting, lasting for several minutes, before Leo let out another warning moan and reluctantly broke away from Mike's demanding mouth and tongue.

They smiled at each other, their faces bathed in red light from the fire, and Mike gently pushed Leo down on the floor.

"I'm going to suck you for a little while, officer," he declared. "Let me know if you feel like you're going to shoot!"

Whorishly, Mike licked his lips, wetting them with his tongue, as he descended between Leo's thighs. He blew his breath forcefully against Leo's nuts, and the warm breeze tickled and inflamed the testicles, which tensed visibly in reaction.

Leo's cock was rock hard, sticking straight up from his groin toward the ceiling, and pulsating with barely contained potency.

Excitedly, Leo watched as Mike's mouth surrounded the head of his prick and slid down around the bulk of the shaft. He saw his huge cockhead and all of his thick shaft disappear into that mouth, then down the other guy's throat—Leo moaned! Mike was already sucking him with great skill, the tremendous length of Leo's stiff penis going in and out of his demanding mouth like a piston flailing away.

"Jesus!" Leo whispered. "Take it easy man, or I'll come! I can't stand it, you're making my dick feel so good!"

Mike pulled his mouth away from the big cock and sat up a bit to look down at it critically. It stood up rigid and throbbing, covered with his slippery spit, glistening pink in the dim firelight.

"What's the matter? You don't like the way I suck?" he asked breathlessly, grinning.

"You've got to be kidding! You're the best cocksucker I've had go down on me in ages, I swear to God!"

"Thanks," Mike laughed. "If you fuck me now, do you think you'll come too fast?"

"I don't know," Leo retorted. "I guess it depends on how hot that butch ass of yours is going to feel around my cock!"

“I’ve been told it’s plenty hot,” Mike boasted. “I suppose there’s only one way to find out—I want to sit on it, stud.”

He got up on his knees and straddled Leo’s waist. He grinned down at him, bent over to kiss him lightly on the mouth, then took Leo’s hands and guided them to his hips.

“Put your hands on my butt,” Mike mumbled between hot, tonguing kisses, indicating that he wanted Leo to grab hold of his buttocks. “Yank my buns apart so you can shove that big prick of yours up between them!”

As the two men kissed, Mike tried to find the tip of Leo’s cock with his asshole. He felt the cop’s hands holding his ass cheeks wide open, and suddenly he felt the saliva-lubricated head of Leo’s cock pressing against his sphincter muscle.

“Fuck me, Leo,” he grunted with fierce, selfish desire. “Get your big dick up my ass and fuck the shit out of me with it!”

He pushed down as he spoke, and Leo’s dickhead began to push its way inside his puckered anal entrance. Mike winced with pain as Leo thrust up from the floor and pushed, the gigantic head of his fuck tool suddenly penetrating Mike’s asshole and exerting a considerable friction upon its lining of flesh.

Once he was inside, though, Leo paused so that Mike could get used to the size of his prick as it stretched his sphincter wide open. Mike recklessly lowered himself the rest of the way onto the other guy’s crotch, impaling himself fully upon the cop’s nightstick and grunting at the deep, thorough penetration that this caused.

Leo’s long, steely shaft was sliding into him like a gun barrel, throbbing away, inflexibly, hard, hot and potent as it opened up Mike’s asshole, inch by inch.

“Fuck me, man!” Mike whimpered. “Jesus Christ! It’s in me! Filling me up. It’s so fucking big! I can’t believe it, how good it feels! I knew it was big, I never thought it would feel this huge! Oh, hell! Go ahead, do it! Fuck me! All the way, man, get that big hard prick of yours all the way up in there and fuck! Come on, buddy! Ream out my asshole with that motherfucking piece of meat!”

Leo humped upward until he felt his ramrod touch bottom, high up inside his partner's rectum; then he eased his hips down again and let a few inches of his prickshaft slip out of that hot, tight ass again.

"Are you going to come?" Mike teased him.

"Eventually," Leo choked. "But not yet, kid! Not yet! Not until I've had chance to fuck the hell out of that butt of yours!"

"Good," Mike moaned, shuddering twisting from side to side on top of Leo, and squeezing his anal muscles tightly in order to milk his dick. "I want to get fucked, man. I really want to get fucked tonight—and I can tell you've got the right tool to do the job!"

Leo humped upward again, and drove his rigid prong high up into the fuckee's guts, which spasmed excitedly all around its considerable bulk.

The cop was experiencing what he had always thought was the hottest, most satisfying thing two men could do with each other—namely, his prick planted inside the other guy's body, reaming him out, making his hot asshole clench and convulse around his thick shaft—and the pleasure of fucking a handsome, butch number like Mike, whose asshole seemed unusually tight and responsive, was driving Leo wild with desire.

He looked down at Mike's torso, and saw his neglected prick sticking straight out toward him—Leo bent forward, struggling to see if he could possibly get it inside his mouth and suck Mike off while he screwed him; but the cockhead was beyond his oral reach. He saw the fuck cream starting to dribble out of the slit in the head of Mike's meat, though, and he burned with the desire to taste it, to satisfy his partner with his mouth while he was fucking his ass.

Leo reached out, gripped the long shaft, and began skinning that swollen meat, masturbating Mike in time to his own thrusts deep inside the guy's ass. He felt Mike shudder at his touch and he let his fist pump up and down around the cock with increasing speed as he fucked Mike's butt in a furious rhythm!

"Watch it, buddy, or I'm the one who's going to come—all over you," Mike blurted out. "That fist action of yours is driving me out of my mind!"

“Go ahead and shoot off if you want to, man!” Leo urged, still pumping his own prick up and down inside Mike’s shit chute with fierce energy as Leo jerked the young stud off. “Come, baby—come for me—shoot your hot load all over me, please! Wet me down with your fucking jism, let me feel it on my body! Oh, Jesus, stud—come, will you?”

“Just as soon as you’re ready to explode inside my ass, stud,” Mike retorted, groaning with desperate pleasure. “Let’s see if we can get our rocks off at about the same time—that would be absolutely fantastic!”

“Okay,” Leo agreed breathlessly. “Soon, though! Real soon! I can’t hold my jism in much longer! I’m getting ready to blast off inside your butt! Are you just about there?”

“Yeah! Yeah!” Mike whimpered. “Jack that son of a bitching prick of mine! Do it harder! Faster! Hurt me! Make me come, man! Bring me off with your fist! Oh, God!”

He was quite unconsciously fucking forward and backward, and up and down, riding Leo’s prickshaft, literally screwing himself upon that impaling fuckpole—at the same time, pushing his own cock in and out of Leo’s fist to fuck his hand in the same rhythm. And, all the while, the cop drove his steely, punishing erection in and out of Mike’s anus. It was all too much! Mike had to come!

“Now! Now!” he shouted. “I’m coming, cop!”

A tremendous thrill of sexual response raced through his body as his thick sperm rushed through the length of his cockshaft and blasted out, smacking—hot and wet—against Leo’s hairy chest and dribbling down across his abdominal muscles, to where his crotch was still hammering into Mike’s spread buns with such forceful, rutting thrusts.

Mike had to gasp with excitement as he shot, as he saw Leo’s sweaty pectoral muscles coated with the pearly thickness of his semen. He clenched his sphincter and anal muscles with all his strength, and gripped Leo’s cock so hard that the cop was helpless to move it back and forth within his anal channel! Grunting, Leo shot his load immediately, delivering a full charge of flooding, spurting fuck fluid deep into his new fuck buddy’s asshole as his dick remained trapped inside that voracious pit.

“Take it! Take my come! Milk me dry!” Leo gasped.

Mike responded with further tight gripping pressure from his ass, which seemed to clutch insanely at the cock still jammed up his ass. For that matter, Leo's fist was still clasped around the shaft of Mike's own fuck tool—stroking it, tugging away at it, squeezing the rest of Mike's jism free so that its slippery wetness sprayed down upon his torso like a fine, salty rainfall.

The two men continued to shoot their loads at each other for several more ecstatic seconds—Mike's sperm splashing wetly against his fucker's torso dripping down between his legs; Leo's soothing Mike's chaffed ass.

CHAPTER FOUR

Before that eventful day on which he'd met Leo, Mike had had a vague plan to free his brother. Shane had already given him descriptions of the cars belonging to the three prison guards whom he'd personally had sex with. Mike had observed the prison's parking lot, and it was easy to match up the drivers of those cars with their vehicles and license plates. A quick check with the local Department of Motor Vehicles had given Mike—who was posing as an insurance adjuster that particular day!—the guards' names and addresses.

After that, though, he felt frustrated. He intended to hang around the gay bars in the area for a few nights in a row, hoping that one of the gay guards would show up. Then Mike could throw himself at the guy, seduce him, and either trick or blackmail him into helping Shane escape.

But now he didn't want to waste precious time. He couldn't exactly show up on a guard's doorstep, introduce himself, and offer to go to bed with a complete stranger—or could he?

He was excited when he realized that Leo lived right down the street from one of his intended sex partners—Glenn Kehr.

"There are some hot men in this neighborhood," Mike remarked casually to the cop over breakfast. "You, of course. But I happened to be looking out the window this morning, and I saw this absolute hunk of a blond guy, wearing some sort of a tight grey uniform that really showed off his basket and his buns—"

"Oh, that's my neighbor, Glenn Kehr."

"Who's he? I mean, what does he do for a living?"

"He's the guy I was talking to on the phone last night. The guy I work out with sometimes. Well, actually he's more to me than just a training partner," Leo admitted, blushing slightly as Mike smiled at him, to encourage him to spill his guts. "He's a guard over at the state prison, you see."

It didn't take Mike long to get Leo to talk quite freely about his prison guard lover, Glenn, and Glenn's equally humpy kid brother, Gregg.

From that moment on, of course, Mike didn't rest until Leo had introduced him to Glenn. It was child's play, too, to suggest that Glenn and Mike get together for a workout—some afternoon when both Leo and Gregg would be otherwise occupied, so that they wouldn't get in the two men's way.

"I've really been neglecting my body since I started this owl assignment," Mike lamented, stretching and flexing the body in question, which certainly looked fine to both Leo and Glenn. "At the university, of course, I can work out at the gym—although having all of those hot young jocks running around half-naked tends to be a distraction. But my muscles are going to atrophy if I don't put in a good, hard workout soon."

Glenn, in all innocence, promptly picked up on this hint and invited Mike to come over to his house to use his home gym with him.

"How about this afternoon?" Mike asked eagerly.

"That'll be fine," Glenn agreed.

"Do you have a VCR?" Mike asked.

"Sure. Why?"

"I want to surprise you," Mike laughed.

He didn't leave anything to chance, but drove downtown to the local video store, and rented a certain tape he had often masturbated over in the past. Then, back at Leo's house, he carefully got undressed for the occasion, slipping into a jockstrap, sneakers, and indecently snug-fitting gym shorts—the provocative ensemble topped by a tank top that was shredded in spots, so that the ruinous garment literally hung from Mike's broad shoulders and deep pecs in tatters, exposing his nipples.

He knocked on Glenn's front door and the prison guard let him in. Glenn looked just as hot, in sweatpants and no shirt, his wide leather weightlifting belt already buckled in place around his hips.

He offered Mike a protein drink, then showed him his equipment and suggested various routines that the two of them might try. They got started,

and lifted weights without letup for over hour, until both men were drenched with sweat and red-faced, breathing very hard.

“I’d better take a break,” Mike said apologetically. “I am out of shape, and I don’t think I could keep up with you, even on a good day, man! You’re a little farther advanced at this than I am.”

“I don’t mind taking a breather,” Glenn said. He grabbed a towel to wipe his face and chest off with, then tossed it to Mike. “Would you like another drink?”

Mike shook his head. “Maybe just a glass of water. Where’s your VCR?”

“Oh, right over here. I’d forgotten about that.” Glenn watched curiously as Mike produced the videotape and slipped it into the machine. “What’s that?”

Mike grinned at him as he sipped his water. “This might amuse you while you’re waiting for me to catch my breath.”

The tape was, ostensibly, an exercise program: it consisted almost entirely of beautifully photographed but undeniably homo erotic footage of several young athletes, all practically naked and glowing with sweat, working out. The camera lingered obsessively on their crotches, buns, and pecs as they writhed and flexed to the hard rock music on the sound track.

The “almost” part of the program showed the hot young numbers stripping down naked, massaging each other intimately, and basking—nude—in the heat of a sauna, as well as frolicking in and out of a hot tub.

“Holy shit,” Glenn exclaimed under his breath. “This is pretty hot stuff, for a non-porno film!”

“Yeah, anybody can buy or rent this, and beat off over it, without feeling too perverted,” Mike said suggestively. “Well,” he added brightly, as the screen went blank, “are you ready to show me some more exercises? Did that tape give you any ideas?”

“It gave me plenty—but not all of them are exercises.”

Mike laughed. “Let’s finish our workout. Then we can hit the showers—or whatever.”

As he and Glenn lifted the weights, spotting each other, offering each other training tips, taking advantage of every opportunity to touch each other under the pretense of “exercising,” Mike kept up a stream of light, but erotic, banter, teasing the prison guard about springing a hard-on inside his jockstrap because working his big muscles was getting him excited—that sort of shit. Glenn ate it up, and was soon teasing—and prickt teasing—his guest just as openly.

Both men were excited by the time they finally called it quits, and Glenn led Mike upstairs to shower. More importantly, each knew damned well that the other was excited, and that there were any number of things they could do together to relieve the growing sexual tension.

“Maybe you’d better let me give you a good, thorough rubdown,” Glenn suggested, as he stripped out of his sweat-sodden sweatpants, socks, and jockstrap in his bedroom. Naked, he stood up again, grinning at Mike, who was also shedding his funky workout clothing. “I pushed you pretty hard, for a guy who’s just coming off a layoff—I wouldn’t want you to wake up tomorrow morning, all sore and stiff.”

“If I do, I’m sure Leo will be glad to take care of the problem for me,” Mike quipped. “But thanks—I may just take you up on that.”

He peeled off his jockstrap, and his dick sprang free, slapping back against his belly, already rigid and pulsating with lustful excitement—as well as a certain amount of sheer nervous tension. Glenn, examining Mike’s crotch shamelessly, led him down the hall to the bathroom. He turned on the shower, adjusting the water temperature, and stepped under the spray to test it, wetting himself quickly from head to foot while Mike admired him from just outside the stall.

“You’ve got an absolutely fantastic body, you know,” Mike said, sincerely.

“Thanks. I try to work on it. It sort of gives you an edge when you’re around the cons, you know? They feel intimidated by a guard with a really solid build—they figure a guy like that can take care of himself, so they don’t give him any trouble.” Glenn looked at Mike, who was standing there in the bathroom, nonchalantly nude and erect. “You’re no slouch yourself,” he added.

Mike casually ran his hands down his torso to his groin, spreading his fingers on either side of his cock, which leaped and twitched in front of him from the pressure of its own pronounced erection.

“That workout gave me a fuck of a hard-on, Glenn,” he complained. “I may have to excuse myself and go into your bedroom, lie down on your bed, and whack off while you’re taking your shower. Would you think I was rude if I did that?” he teased.

Glenn burst out laughing as he began to soap himself under the shower. “I’d think it was damn rude! If you’re going to beat off, you could at least have the decency to do it right in front of me, so I can watch you and get off on it myself.”

Mike brazenly took his big, hard cock in his hand and stroked it experimentally. “Is this sort of what you had in mind? If not, show me with yours. You’ve got a hard-on too, I see!”

“All of this horny talk is kinda getting me hot,” Glenn admitted brazenly. “Maybe I’m just a whore at heart, but—would you be particularly offended if I tried to put the make on you?”

“Not particularly,” Mike said wryly. “I’d probably be more pissed off if I thought you weren’t attracted to me.”

“How about you? Are you attracted to me?”

Mike shrugged. “Sure.”

“Then I’ve got an idea. Why don’t you come on over here, so we can start getting closer acquainted?”

As he spoke, Glenn held out his free hand toward Mike, his fingers curling, as though they were already grasping Mike’s cock.

Without saying another word himself, Mike stepped forward eagerly, his thick prick sliding into the open hand that was waiting for it. As he felt Glenn’s fingers close around his hot flesh, he thrust his hips forward, pushing his dick all the way into the prison guard’s strong fist until his pubic hair brushed Glenn’s hand.

As Glenn pulled him under the shower spray, Mike felt spasms of pleasure flooding through his wet body, his asshole contracting tightly as

Glenn squeezed his rigid prick. Then, without having to be invited, Mike put his own hand on Glenn's huge, hard fuck tool, and began to caress it aggressively.

Part of his excitement was purely psychological. He knew that Glenn had tricked with Shane inside the prison, and it gave him a perverse kind of satisfaction to be having sex with a man who had seduced his brother. But Glenn was one of the most attractive guys Mike had ever tricked with in his own right, and Mike quickly found himself forgetting about his scheme—at least temporarily—as he abandoned himself to the physical pleasure of the moment.

"A lot closer acquainted," he gasped. He squeezed Glenn's dick harder. "Your meat feels good in my hand, man," he moaned. "Real good!"

"This mutual masturbation thing—it's just kid stuff," Glenn said apologetically.

"Kids can get pretty fucking smart, sometimes."

"I almost feel as though I'm cheating on Leo, even though he knows how much I wanted to have sex with you, and I know he doesn't mind sharing."

Mike had to laugh. "Don't worry about your hot cop lover, Glenn. Hell, he can have you any damn time he wants. And he's already had me. Let's take care of each other. Let's jerk each other off for a while."

Glenn was uncut, and Mike got a special, intense thrill out of rolling and unrolling his foreskin over his thick cockhead with his hand. The slimy fuck fluid that Glenn was dribbling steadily allowed Mike's fingers to slip freely about over the head of his penis, inside its sheath of foreskin—it was a wild sensation to jerk the big blond dude off like that, and Glenn certainly seemed to be getting off on it, too: he was moaning and writhing, his own brawny fist making spasmodic but highly effective jerks and tugs on Mike's own turgid, pulsating dick, which he kept imprisoned inside his hand.

Mike pushed the loose skin back down over the shaft and closed his fist snugly around both the cockhead and the cockshaft. Using a strong grip, he pushed his hand all the way down to the thick root of Glenn's prick, smearing the sticky jism all over the steely column of flesh to lubricate it for the hand job he was giving it.

His hand crushed into the mat of tawny hairs that covered Glenn's crotch, and Glenn's shuddering response told Mike that he was doing a good job of pleasing him: his hips ground back and forth in a wanton fucking motion, his cock sliding all the way through Mike's tight fist, fucking Mike's hand as effectively as it would have fucked an asshole or cocksucker's mouth and throat.

Glenn rested his free hand on Mike's waist while he pulled on the guy's long, hard cock. His hand remained there for a moment before it began to explore Mike's body.

Mike felt the prison guard's fingers slide across his back, up his spine for a short distance, but then go back down to his firm ass cheeks, moving over them slowly and sensually. Glenn finally gripped one of Mike's hard-muscled buttocks in his hand and held it tightly while the two men beat each other off.

Then Mike reached up and touched the taller guy's chest, his fingertip lightly flicking across the huge dark-brown nipples that crowned Glenn's solid pecs. He moved his palm across Glenn's stomach and around to his back.

He felt the hardness of Glenn's muscular ass and dug his fingers into the warm, hairy crack that divided the two solid cheeks of that butch butt.

His fingertip teased Glenn's puckered asshole, finally penetrating it to the depth of an inch or two, and he began to push the finger in and out of the blond's tight ass in a steady fucking rhythm.

Both men's cocks looked and felt impossibly swollen—ready to burst—as they pounded each other's meat rapidly, fists flying. Mike didn't know how long he could take this kind of stimulation without coming. His cocktip was overflowing already, leaking jism; his balls had begun to tighten up under the base of his erection, ready to unload in a gush of sperm.

The warmth of Glenn's body next to his sent erotic tingles racing through him; he could feel the other man's two muscular buttocks tensing and relaxing against the heel of his hand as he plunged his finger in and out of his asshole.

Glenn's hand still gripped Mike's own butt, holding him even tighter now, as both men rapidly approached ejaculation.

Glenn began grunting and snorting, sucking in air in great, labored gasps and Mike knew he was close to his crisis. Seeing, hearing, and feeling the big guy so near to orgasm made him suddenly tense up, all over, as he felt his own climax surging up impetuously in the very root of his cock.

“Don’t stop, man!” Glenn moaned. “I’m going to fucking shoot off any second now—keep beating it for me, buddy! Damn, that feels good! Beat the shit out of that fucking meat of mine!”

“Oh, God!” Mike cried loudly, as he felt the hot jism about to erupt from his own fuck tool. “Here it comes, fucker! I’m coming! Aw, Christ, man, jerk it—jerk it hard! I’m shooting, don’t stop now! I’m coming—!”

“Me, too! Fuck, yeah! Look at that, man—look at that cream just blasting out from our pricks! Look at our two big dicks, man! They’re shooting all of that hot crap out all over the fucking place!” Glenn exulted.

Their naked bodies convulsed and shook as their balls gushed out all the hot fuck fluid they had to offer.

“You’re shooting it all over me,” Glenn yelled hoarsely. “You’re blasting your hot come on me, you horny bastard! I can feel it burning into my skin—just look at that jism squirting out!”

It was all Mike could do to retain his balance and catch his breath as his hot, wet load splashed onto Glenn’s stomach and dripped down it in white bursts into his blond pubic thatch.

He could feel the fiery drops of Glenn’s own lusty sperm oozing down over his balls.

They came together like that, wildly, squeezing and stroking each other’s pricks, and when they had stopped shooting, they just stood there for a long moment, still grasping each other’s cocks, their bellies and fingers smeared with each other’s fresh jism.

Then—when they had had a moment in which to recover—Glenn released Mike’s drained prick and rubbed his own sticky seed across Mike’s stomach and chest. Mike did the same to Glenn, until they were both slimy with each other’s semen and their erect nipples gleamed under the coating of fuck fluid.

Finally, with a laugh, Glenn pulled away, breaking the contact they had established, aimed the warm shower spray at his crotch, and rinsed the semen down his legs and into the drain at his feet. Then he moved aside to let Mike do the same.

They got out of the shower and began drying off, grinning at each other but saying nothing for the time being, both men enjoying the warm, drowsy afterglow of thoroughly satisfying sex play.

“Let’s go lie down for a minute,” Glenn suggested in a whisper.

Mike casually checked the time on the alarm clock beside Glenn’s bed, once they were in the bedroom together. It would be another hour or so before the work detail left the prison gate.

He got onto the unmade bed, and Glenn stretched out next to him, their nude bodies very close together on the narrow mattress. Glenn placed his hand on Mike’s pecs, his palm flat against one large nipple that still stood out erect and hard and highly responsive to his touch.

“I like you,” Glenn admitted huskily. “I’m sure glad that Leo met you.”

Mike smiled, but didn’t say anything. The prison guard would be eating those words before the day was over, he was afraid!

But, for now, Mike intended to make the best of the situation and divert himself with Glenn’s magnificent body and cock.

“How about a kiss?” Glenn whispered heatedly, and as they kissed, his warm hand moved over Mike’s naked body until his fingertips just touched the brown-furred bag containing Mike’s heavy nuts.

Mike’s cock was hard again from Glenn’s sensual caresses, his heart pounding rapidly inside his chest at the realization that the next couple of hours would be decisive ones for him and for Shane.

He forced himself to relax and enjoy the sex that Glenn obviously hoped to coax him into. They still had some unfinished business to take care of!

“Yeah, kiss me,” Mike moaned. Glenn put his tongue deep in Mike’s open, panting mouth. At the same time, he guided the other guy’s hand down to his own big, hard cock.

Mike grasped the hot meat eagerly, returning—with interest!—the caresses the other man was smothering him with. They fondled each other for several minutes before Glenn hefted Mike's nuts and ran his hand down between his thighs, touching his asshole.

“You feel nice and hot down there,” he breathed. “Sweaty—sexy—!”

Mike opened his heavy, muscular thighs slightly, giving Glenn better access to his crotch and ass. The prison guard pressed his searching fingertips against the puckered lips of Mike's tight asshole, making him moan with unfeigned lust.

“Leo fucked me,” Mike admitted brazenly. “I really got off on that cop's dick—why don't you fuck me, too. Right now. I think I'm going to like the way you fuck. Leo certainly seems to get off on it.”

“He told me about you, too. I bet I'm going to love the way your hot ass feels around my cock,” Glenn replied. “Open those buns for me, stud, and let me get in there, and I'll fuck you until you beg for mercy.”

“Do it—and then just fuck me some more. I don't really want any mercy.”

Mike was already moving into position, offering the other guy his insatiable ass. He moaned with pleasure when he felt Glenn's prickhead touch his sphincter and begin to push its way through the taut ring of muscle.

“Do you want any grease?” Glenn gasped.

“No! No grease—no mercy,” Mike moaned. “I want your cock. Make it hurt a little! Take me! Rape me! Fuck me hard!”

Suddenly, Glenn's cockhead rammed forward and disappeared, trapped between the thick folds of sphincter muscle. Glenn gave a cautious but firm push—and was instantly rewarded by a deep, dull groan of lust from Mike as his asshole relaxed enough to let another inch of hard cock sink into the steamy depths of his narrow, willing fuckhole.

“Fuck me, fuck me,” Mike chanted frantically. “I need it bad!”

“You're going to get it!” Glenn placed one hand on his cockshaft and pushed down, hard, re-adjusting his angle of anal attack. Something deep

inside Mike's body gave way, and with a single slow, sure thrust, Glenn let the rest of his meat slide into the tight grip of the other man's hot, moist anus.

"Christ!" Mike gritted out from between clenched teeth. Despite the shower he'd just taken, the sweat of intense sexual excitement was already running down his body as he writhed under Glenn. "Christ, you are hung!"

"Take it, you horny, hot-assed bastard!" Glenn, who was also sweating, ordered in his feverish arousal. "Take my cock! Jesus—you're tight and hot in there!"

He thrust himself deep within Mike's anal canal, held himself motionless there for one breathtaking instant, and then pulled back, letting his dick drag the anal membranes backward with it. Mike grunted.

"You like that? Does it turn you on to get fucked this way?" Glenn asked.

"Yes! I love it." Mike's flesh quivered in ecstatic response to the fierce anal stimulation, obliterating any pain Glenn's huge cock might have caused him.

"Yeah! Yeah! Oh, Glenn, go on, do it, man, really fuck me! Just shove it in and out of my ass! Let me feel it—every motherfucking inch of your goddamn stud prick going in and out of my hot, horny ass! Pretend I'm a hot-assed convict locked up in the prison, and you're fucking me in my cell!"

The perverse fantasy excited both men. Mike went limp under Glenn, unresisting, silently encouraging him to take him in any way he wanted to. And Glenn took him, all right! Mike felt that huge, bludgeon-like prickshaft work its pounding, pulsating way in and out of him, again and again, setting his rectal flesh on fire and igniting a conflagration that could only end in the explosion of orgasm for them both!

"Christ—I swear to fucking Christ, you've got the hottest butt I've ever plugged with my dick!" Glenn swore.

"You really like to be screwed by a big guy's dick, don't you, man?"

"I like to be screwed, period! So do it! Screw me! Screw me, big guy! Hot-shot prison guard! Screw that prick of yours deep into my ass!"

Glenn fucked him harder still, thrilled by the way Mike responded to his humping. He sensed that he couldn't hold out much longer at this pace without coming!

"God, I'm going to come inside your hot ass, stud," he groaned into Mike's ear between licks with his tongue. "I'm going to fill you up with my fucking jism until it comes out of your mouth and you choke on my come!"

He thrust harder and Mike's body humped upward to receive him.

"Yeah! Yeah! Shoot in me! Come in my ass! Give me that fucking come!"

It was too much! Glenn fell down on top of Mike's powerful body, spitting out a stream of lurid curses that resembled bestial grunts rather than human speech, and sank his strong white teeth into the meat of Mike's sweat-glistening shoulder muscle, leaving a pattern of deep indentations that wouldn't fade for a week!

Mike screamed out with pleasure at the added stimulation that this unexpected pain gave him as he came under Glenn, his cock erupting all over the bed, his asshole spasming around Glenn's prick.

Glenn echoed his cries in a hoarse bellow as he felt his hot seed come to a boil deep inside his loins and then rush through his cockshaft in what felt more like a geyser than a series of orgasmic spurts!

Come blasted through the depths of Mike's thoroughly-fucked asshole, filling him to the brim, lubricating Glenn's cock so that it slid back and forth inside the tight channel more easily.

The two well-built men let their overheated bodies slam together repeatedly in a paroxysm of passion, until their ferocious lust had spent itself to the last salty drop and they could slump down quietly in each other's arms, their flesh stuck together by their own mingled sweat.

Fucked out—at least for the time being—at last, Glenn was fast asleep on top of Mike even before he had had time to ease his cock out.

CHAPTER FIVE

Gregg was startled—to put it mildly—when he walked into the house, only to be confronted by a strange man wearing his brother’s uniform and glaring at him with undisguised hostility through dark glasses.

“Who the hell are you?” Gregg blurted out, his hand still on the doorknob, ready to push the door shut again behind him.

Mike was thinking fast. This could fuck up everything! He knew at once, of course, that this young stud must be Glenn’s kid brother. He’d tied the older brother up and fucked him. The ride had been great. The indignation of his victim even greater. He looked at the younger man. Mike hated to take the time to tie him up, too. Maybe he ought to just knock him cold with the butt of the gun, and go about his business!

Then it occurred to him—a hostage might come in very handy, at least for a couple of hours. He unsnapped the hip holster, drew the pistol, and pointed it at Gregg’s heart.

“Turn around,” he spat. “Walk out the door again, slow. There’s a Jeep parked half-way down the block. Walk to it.”

“You’ve got to be crazy—!”

“Do what I say,” Mike growled, “or I’ll kill you, and then I’ll go upstairs and kill your brother, too! I mean it! Now hurry! March! And don’t try anything, kid. You may think you can take me, but this bullet’s faster than you are.”

Gregg looked dazed by the sudden events, but finally went out onto the porch. Mike followed him, shoving the gun into the small of his back.

He forced Gregg to sit down in the front passenger seat.

“Put your hands behind you, kid,” he instructed coldly. “Under that part of the roll bar.”

Gregg wasn’t dumb, and it took him only a few minutes to recover from his initial confusion and figure out what was going on.

“Where’s my brother?” he demanded.

“Upstairs in his bedroom, tied up. He’s all right.”

“He’d better be!”

Mike laughed shortly and harshly as he started the Jeep and drove away, fast. “Don’t threaten me, punk. You’re not exactly in a position to be mouthing off.”

“And you’re not going to get away with this. The guards at the prison will spot you for a phony right away, and blow your head off,” Gregg spat.

“Maybe.” Mike shrugged. “Anyway, shut up. I don’t want to hurt you, but I’m not going to put up with any crap from you, either. You get in my way, and it’ll be your brains splattered all over the fucking place, stud. So keep cool.”

Gregg kept his mouth shut during the drive out into the countryside near the prison grounds. Mike took the Jeep up into the hills, and parked it in a dense clump of trees just below the crest of the hill from which he’d observed the work detail the other day. He jumped out of the vehicle, and retrieved a shotgun from the back seat.

“You’re not going to just leave here, are you?” Gregg demanded.

“I won’t be gone for very long—I hope,” his abductor retorted, sounding almost good-humored, now that he was psyching himself for the crisis ahead. “Oh, and don’t bother yelling,” he advised. “There’s nobody around close enough to hear you.”

He vanished through the woods, and Gregg was left alone, handcuffed to the goddamned Jeep, to sweat it out. He couldn’t imagine how one man, even armed, could hope to get another guy out of the prison; but his anxiety about Glenn soon made him stop worrying about such matters. What if this bastard had lied? What if he’d hurt Glenn—or even killed him? Gregg squirmed, desperately in his seat, rubbing his wrists raw against the cuffs in a futile effort to wrench free of them.

Meanwhile, Mike hurried through the woods to the crown of the hill, to his old observation post. Sure enough, the flatbed truck and the two guards were in the ravine far below, and the convicts were busting their asses, digging out the drainage ditch. Mike quickly spotted Shane, who was

working next to a huge, fair-haired man who, oddly enough, reminded Mike of Glenn in size, build, and coloring.

Mike decided to risk everything on a single bold roll of the dice. He slipped down to the ravine, then casually walked out from amidst the trees and sauntered toward the work party, the shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm, his face expressionless behind the dark glasses.

The hard-working prisoners took little or no notice of him as he strolled past them, and he was literally on top of the two real guards before they saw him and had a chance to react.

“Hi, guys,” Mike said matter-of factly. “You got a con on this detail named McReynolds?”

“Think so,” one of the two men said automatically. Both were staring at Mike, trying to decide when, if ever, they’d seen him before back at the prison.

“I’m supposed to take him back with me.”

“How come?”

Mike shrugged.

“We’ll have to check it out.” The guard was raising his walkie-talkie to his mouth when Mike raised the shotgun and aimed it at his chest.

“Check this out,” Mike warned. “Now drop your guns. Now! And drop those radios, too. Kick ’em away from you. Don’t make me ask you again!”

He’d gotten the drop on both guards, who had thrown away their weapons and walkie-talkies by the time any of the prisoners noticed what was happening. Some of the cons froze in their tracks; others started to move away from Mike looking uneasy.

Shane ran up to his brother. “What do you want me to do?” he asked breathlessly.

“Get their handcuffs and cuff ’em both to the truck,” Mike told him. “Make it fast!”

Mike covered the guards with the shotgun while his brother fastened their wrists to the front bumper of the truck.

“Put the keys in your pocket, Shane. And get the truck keys, too.” Mike waited until Shane had done so, then added, lowering the gun, “Now run like hell. Straight up the hill. I’ll be right behind you.”

Shane dashed off into the trees without a backward glance. Mike followed him, pausing only to yell to the other prisoners, “Do whatever the hell you want to do, guys! You can stay here or make a run for it yourselves, or start walking back to the goddamn prison. We don’t give a fuck!”

He ran up the hill after Shane, not sticking around to see which of the cons chose which option. About half-way the slope, though, he heard footsteps behind him. The big blond number was tearing his way through the brush, like a maddened bear, pursuing him and Shane!

“Back off, man,” Mike warned. “This is our neck of the woods!”

“Shane’s not going anywhere without me!” Ben yelled.

“Who the fuck are you?” Mike asked.

“He’s the guy I’m hooked up with, inside,” Shane explained briefly.

Mike groaned. Another unexpected development! “You can come along, but only as long as you don’t get in our way.”

Ben grinned. “Thanks.”

Mike led them quickly to where he’d left the Jeep.

“Who the fuck is this?” Shane demanded, the moment he caught sight of Gregg, glowering in the front seat.

“Kehr’s kid brother,” Mike explained. “He’s our insurance policy. I want you two guys to get in the back seat and crouch down, out of sight. Pull that blanket over you. I don’t want anybody to see you.”

Mike started the engine, and the Jeep tore off, scattering dead leaves in its wake.

They drove for hours, sometimes cross-country, sometimes on back roads, always avoiding the main highways. Mike seemed to know exactly where he was going, but Gregg was soon completely lost.

“I have to take a leak,” he lied at one point, hoping he might be able to make a break for it if he got the Jeep stopped and the handcuffs unlocked from his wrists.

Mike looked at him contemptuously. “Shut up and hold it. Or piss yourself for all I care. Anyway, we’re almost there.”

“There” turned out to be a dirt road with a sign marking it PRIVATE, that led to a rustic hunting lodge, buried in trees and completely isolated—there wasn’t another house in sight.

Mike handed Ben the key to cuffs. “Think you can play guard and handle the ‘prisoner?’” he asked facetiously.

Ben laughed unpleasantly. “Sure. After all, I’ve had plenty of time to watch the motherfucker at work. Don’t worry, he’s not going anywhere!”

Mike took Shane inside the cabin, explaining that he had leased it several weeks ago, using a false name.

“We’ll spend the night here, change cars—I got another one hidden in that shed behind the house—and drive toward the Canadian border. Once we get across there, we’ll be home free. I’ve got contacts in Canada who’ll help us go anywhere we want—California, Florida, Mexico, Australia, wherever. I’ve got you plenty of phony ID’S and a fake passport, too.”

Mike suddenly paused, looked at his brother, then embraced him fiercely. “God damn it, you look good!”

They kissed hungrily, unashamedly, their lips grinding together almost painfully.

“I still can’t believe it,” Shane gasped. “That we’re here together, that it’s really you, that I’m really away from that god awful place—”

“Can you trust this other guy?”

“Ben? Sure. I can trust him with my life.”

Mike grunted. “You may have to. I hadn’t counted on sharing you with another guy.”

“We’ll work that out,” Shane said evasively. He was examining the lodge’s few, but sturdy, furnishings.

“The first thing I want you to do is get out of all those prison clothes,” Mike insisted. He was already stripping off Glenn’s uniform and discarding it, piece by piece. “I’ve got other clothes for you here. But go into the bathroom first and take a shower. Wash your hair. I’m going to give you a haircut.” He grinned “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing. I can change your appearance, we’ll have a better chance of getting away from here without anybody recognizing you.”

Naked, Shane went into the bathroom and got under the shower. Mike, too, was half-nude by the time Ben came in from outside, hustling Gregg ahead of him.

“What should we do with this piece of shit?” Ben asked roughly.

Mike shrugged. “Handcuff him to the bed over there, if you want.”

Ben did so. “We haven’t been formally introduced,” he said, approaching Mike rather warily.

“I’m Mike, Shane’s Brother. You been taking care of Shane inside?”

“Ben Eckenrod.” He paused, “Trying to. But I guess blood’s thicker than jism, if you know what I mean.”

“I know exactly what you mean, Ben. Listen—there’s a second bedroom back there, and Shane and I intend to make use of it for an hour or two. That means you’ll have to stay out here entertain the kid.”

Ben looked at Gregg. “Can I fuck him?” he asked coldly.

“Sure.” Mike went to join Shane.

“You’re not going to lay a hand on me you jerk!” Gregg shouted.

Ben approached the bed. “That’s what you think, punk. Your brother’s one of the guards at the prison, and that makes you the enemy, baby. This is going to be almost as good as fucking him.” He looked about the room. Mike had left various supplies and useful items scattered about: canned goods, cooking utensils, toiletries. Ben picked up a sharp kitchen knife and came toward the bed.

He’d handcuffed Gregg’s hands above his head, to the metal headboard of the bed. Gregg turned his head away and grunted in protest when the

blond convict pressed the tip of the knife blade to his throat, just hard enough to indent the skin, without breaking it.

“This is going to be fun, if you don’t fight it, kid,” Ben said caressingly, enjoying the fear in Gregg’s eyes. “Now, I’m going to unlock those cuffs—and you’re going to take off your clothes. We’re going to know each other real well by the time we’re finished here!”

In the other bedroom, Mike made Shane sit down naked, with a towel over his broad shoulders and his long wet hair spread out. He played barber expertly, combing Shane’s hair out and cutting it with a small pair of scissors.

“Don’t cut it too short,” Shane complained. “I don’t want to look bald!”

“You’re going to look butch,” brother said soothingly. “Not that there anything wrong with the way you look now. Jesus, you’re built!”

“That’s all there was to do inside the hole—work out and fuck,” Shane said bitterly.

When the haircut was done, Mike trimmed Shane’s walrus mustache, too, shaping it into a much narrower and neater pencil mustache. He let Shane rub his hair dry with the towel, and then Shane went to the wall mirror to inspect his new image.

“Christ,” he exclaimed happily. “Our own mother wouldn’t recognize me now. You did a good job, Mike. I kind of like it.”

He turned, and saw that Mike slipping between the fresh sheets on bed. Mike smiled at him, and patted mattress next to his body.

“There’s room for two. We’ve got a few hours to kill. And I can’t think of a better way to spend them than in bed together. Can you?”

Shane didn’t answer verbally, but went to the bed and got in beside his brother.

When they finally touched each other sexually, it was though a storm of pent-up emotions suddenly burst free in both men. Shane was moaning and sobbing as Mike clasped him in his arms and kissed him brutally on the mouth, almost hurting him rather than making love to him in his violent

physical need. Both brothers had roaring erections that threatened to erupt into showers of hot, impetuous sperm at any moment.

They didn't talk as they frantically explored each other's naked bodies and stiffened dicks in the warm, soft bed. Mike lowered his head and bit gently but provocatively on Shane's nipples, then sucked on them and tongued them furiously, exactly the way Shane liked to have his tits worked on—not too hard, but with more than a hint of the fierce passion with which they would surely soon be sucking each other's cocks.

By the time his brother's warm, soft, insinuating mouth had moved down as far as his crotch, Shane felt totally relaxed, ready for sex, all right, but no longer anxious about getting his rocks off. He, too, was willing to take his time, to extract the utmost possible pleasure from their incestuous lovemaking.

He parted his legs wide in mute, lewd invitation, and Mike moved his head down between his thighs and pressed his face against his crotch. His tongue rubbed wetly over Shane's cock and balls, and Shane moaned and shuddered in response and felt his powerfully muscled body tense everywhere in pleasure.

His brother had an unusually agile tongue, he remembered now that it was licking his flesh again, and Mike thrust it deep into Shane's asshole, wriggling it to and fro, in and out, and from side to side within that most intimate part of the bodybuilder's anatomy, so that it felt like a squirming baby eel swimming up into his rectum!

The hot rimming turned Shane on fiercely, making him feel so wild erotic that he wanted to attack the other naked male body with his own hands and mouth.

He groped for his brother's cock which stood out from its thicket of soft pubic hair. The shaft felt strangely familiar to him. It wasn't his own meat he was handling, but similar. He wondered a little about what he was about to do as he leaned forward.

It was like sucking himself off, something he'd never been able to do, but something he'd dreamed about for along time. The cockhead slithered over his tongue with ease. He lapped up and down the cum tube several times, until he knew that Shane was well covered with spit.

In fact the juices had dripped down on pebbled skin of his brother's nuts. He slithered his tongue down the shaft, touching all that he could and sucking in to pull his own spit back up the shaft. When he reached the two bulbs on either side of the stem, he licked them very carefully until he knew their contours to the root of his tongue. Then he drew them into his mouth one at a time. His own nuts were little steel balls now, filled with desire.

Mike continued to eat the bal-sac long after it was clean. He wanted to taste his brother in every way. Each repetition of the act made his meat bounce up and down. Shane had said nothing so far. No word of protest. No indignant moralizing. He'd just laid there, listening to the lapping tongue and feeling hot flashes along his body.

Mike went back to the knob, then pulled off. Yeah, this was good. He continued to suck until he heard a moan and a pleading.

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me."

Mike listened to the invitation with growing lust. Yes. Just the thing to do. Screw his brother silly. He covered his rudy dick with spit and twisted his hand until the mouth lubricant covered the whole shaft with a glistening finish. Bracing himself with one hand on the bed beside Shane as he fucked him, he thrust in slowly and steadily, filling Shane up until his balls pressed between Shane's buttocks and his pubic hair rustled against Shane's sphincter ring.

Shane let out a low, prolonged whimper of appreciation as he felt his brother's cock begin to stoke his smoldering anal fires into an uncontrollable erotic combustion!

Mike looked down at him, smiling, as he screwed him, holding himself high above Shane's churning body, and for a moment Shane almost thought that he was back in his cell in the prison, being raped by Glenn Kehr or some other big-dicked, ruthless, horny bastard, who was plugging his asshole with brutal efficiency!

"Fuck me, fuck me, Mike," Shane chanted.

But he was wasting his breath: Mike didn't need to be told what to do, what his brother wanted from him!

All the while, Mike's masterful cock pumped in and out of him; Shane felt Mike's big, come-swollen balls swinging up against his butt, striking his ass cheeks with a faint, obscene slapping sound every time Mike thrust the full length of his glorious stud prick deep into Shane's ass!

The convulsive pleasure of being fucked rippled through Shane's entire body at once as his brother took him. He pinched Shane's nipples, and Shane writhed, squirmed, and gasped under him. Mike went on humping him, supporting himself on one arm, using his other hand to rub and chafe Shane's sphincter rim as the glistening shaft of his prick kept it stretched open and emerged from its depths from time to time.

Mike played with Shane's balls and pried one fingertip inside Shane's asshole, next to his own rutting dick, making Shane's ass flex violently in response, so that it grasped Mike's prickshaft so tightly that both men almost expected it to snap off inside him!

Then, with his dick moving in and out in nonstop motion, Mike lightly but insistently began to stroke and tease the lining of Shane's asshole and tickle his own cock with his fingertip, pressing into Shane's inflamed scrotum with the ball of his thumb as he did so, in precise rhythm with his thumb.

"Oh, Christ!" Shane wept, thrashing about wildly under him. "Christ!"

"Anybody else ever fucked you like this, brother?" Mike demanded heatedly, sweat dripping from his face and chest.

"No, nobody, not ever, I swear! Not even Ben—and he is one hell of a hot fuck! You're fantastic, Mike! Fuck me, man, just go on fucking my ass! I love it! You're driving me crazy with your cock—oh, hell! Fuck the shit out of me! Fuck me, brother, fuck—fuck—fuck—!"

Shane twisted his torso, moaned, and lashed his head from side to side on the bed. He brought his heels up behind Mike's muscular, unyielding buttocks, using them to hold Mike's body in place against his own and to urge his brother's cock still deeper into his ass.

Mike was filling Shane to his utmost capacity with his ruthless length of rigid prong, possessing every part of him, fucking his ass, fingering it, gnawing on his tits with his teeth—all at once, and all to devastating effect!

They heard loud moans and grunts from the next room, and Shane immediately realized that Ben must be fucking Gregg! The thought of his cell mate humping that hot young blond jock against his will pushed Shane even closer to orgasm!

He gasped and cried out, almost screaming, unable to absorb the surging, tingling passion that began to flood his body from its source deep inside his spasming asshole and exploding cock!

His hard-fucking brother moved even faster inside him, and Shane's prick pulsed wildly in ejaculation, squirting out its pent-up fuck juices between their pounding bodies, wetting down both brothers' bellies and chests with liquid, dripping come.

Mike's hot cock plowed in and out of Shane's asshole for a few more strokes, until he, too, could hold back no longer. Shane was hysterical with lust when he felt the cock that was screwing him blast its full charge of semen deep into his guts, making him writhe and sob and spasm his way through his ebbing orgasm.

When their orgasms finally subsided, Shane lay underneath Mike, gasping desperately for breath. Their high-voltage sex had been every bit as thrilling as Shane had hoped their first fuck would be; and he sighed happily, feeling almost drugged with pleasure, when Mike stretched out on top of him and kissed him on the mouth.

CHAPTER SIX

Gregg writhed under Ben's considerable bulk and weight. The convict was a big, powerfully-muscled guy, and even if he hadn't been so strong, Gregg was fairly helpless. After Ben had forced him to strip naked at knifepoint, the bastard had pushed him back down on the bed, on his back, and shackled his wrists above his head again with the handcuffs. Gregg could struggle, but Ben easily overpowered him—and the college student quickly realized that the other man was getting off on his futile efforts at resisting him.

"You lousy, stinking, raping, motherless bastard!" Gregg choked.

Ben chuckled. "Quit fighting it, kid. You know you love it!"

He had already forced Gregg to suck his cock and lick his asshole, and now, re-adjusting his position so that he could kneel on the mattress and lift Gregg's legs up over his shoulders, he was getting ready to fuck him.

"We can do this two ways, punk," Ben advised his helpless victim. "With lubricant, or without! You keep squirming like that, fighting me, and I swear to God I'll fuck you dry and leave you with one hell of a sore asshole. You cooperate, open up that hot, butch little asshole of yours, and give my dick a nice easy ride, and I'll grease it up first. Which is it going to be? Hurry up and decide, kid—my dick's about ready to pop, and I don't have all day!"

Gregg groaned in despair. "Just don't do anything that'll hurt me," he begged.

"Does that mean you want it greased?" Ben persisted.

Gregg slumped back on the bed under him in defeat. "All right! Go ahead and fuck me, for Christ's sake! Just get your rocks off, man, and then leave me alone! I—I won't fight it, if you fuck me easy. Just don't hurt my asshole with that big cock of yours!"

Ben quickly greased himself with a tube of lubricant that Mike had had the foresight to include among the groceries and other supplies, and began to insert himself between Gregg's buttocks, inch by thick, throbbing inch.

“You’re a hot little number,” the convict whispered, staring down excitedly at Gregg’s tense, disgusted face. “You’d be real popular in the slammer, especially on my cell block—they’d all want to fuck you!”

“When they throw your ass back in the slammer, my brother’s going to make your life miserable,” Gregg taunted him.

Ben grunted as he pushed the rest of his prick up Gregg’s unwillingly relaxed ass. “Maybe, kid. Maybe not!”

Ben, to give him credit, suddenly seemed more interested in turning Gregg on with his hands, mouth, and cock than in just getting his own rocks off. He stretched out comfortably on top of Gregg’s body and began to make love to him, sucking on his tits, caressing him, and all the while easing his cock back and forth inside the boy’s anus in a gentle but highly stimulating fucking rhythm that soon had Gregg moaned shamelessly with lustful response under him.

“You like it now, don’t you, baby?” Ben asked excitedly. “You want to get fucked, don’t you? It feels good, huh?”

“Yeah,” Gregg babbled. “Yeah, you know damn well it feels good! Go ahead and fuck me! Fuck me! God, I want to come! I want to come with your cock in my ass!”

Ben pounded into his butt, and Gregg took it manfully, exulting in the way the stud convict was using him. His own cock, trapped between their bellies, pulsed madly with excitement, and finally erupted in a steady shower of sperm. Ben humped him even harder when he felt Gregg’s jism soiling his belly and chest, and in another moment he, too, was coming.

At that moment, Mike and Shane emerged from the other bedroom, looking as though they’d interrupted their own lovemaking in order to investigate what Ben was doing to Gregg. Mike snickered at the obscene sight of Gregg with his legs in the air and his ass plugged by Ben’s mighty cock, coming helplessly as the big blond convict lost his load deep in his ass.

“Take those handcuffs off him,” Mike told Shane. “He’s not going anywhere—not until we’ve had a crack at him, too! Come on, brother. Let’s both fuck Glenn Kehr’s kid brother to pay the bastard back for what he did to you and your buddies on the inside!”

Gregg couldn't believe what was happening to him! He was going to be gangbanged, like some dumb young prisoner thrown to the wolves inside a cell block!

All three men were on top of him in another moment, kissing him, pushing their rigid dicks toward his mouth and his ass, even trying to get him to use his fists on their hard-ons to help them get off.

Shane seemed eager to suck Gregg's cock: he took it between his lips, and Gregg instinctively fucked his face and throat. Incredibly, Gregg was ready to climax again within minutes! His prick spewed out its starchy fluid over the bodybuilder's hungry, slurping lips and rapidly licking tongue, and into Shane's open throat, the semen mixing with the saliva in his mouth and dripping from the corners of his sucking lips under his newly-trimmed mustache as Shane groaned in ecstasy at the pungent, salty taste of the fluid Gregg had given him.

As he ejaculated, Gregg almost forgot about the other two men on the bed with them; but then, turning and twisting his head restlessly from side to side as he came, he saw that Mike had pushed Ben aside and was staring down at Gregg with the burning eyes of unsated lust. Silently, Mike slid down onto the bed and ran his hands along the contours of Gregg's athletic, rapidly humping body, and parted his buns with his fingers, staring at the hairy cleft between the cheeks of Gregg's ass and his asshole itself, which Ben had just fucked to orgasm.

"I can see your fucking come inside the kid's ass, man," Mike told Ben with salacious appreciation. "I can see it—and I want to taste it!"

He buried his face between Gregg's buttocks. The college student experienced a fierce, spastic shock of pleasure when Mike's pointed, stiffened, slippery-wet tongue touched his sphincter ring, licking it rapidly all over before pushing its way deep inside!

"Oh, Christ!" Gregg moaned, writhing, his cock pumping out the last drops of its load into Shane's cocksucking mouth. The steady pressure of Mike's tongue in his ass, solidly licking the lining of his hole, quickly brought him to a near-orgasmic level of sexual excitement all over again—a plateau of arousal made, if anything, even more wildly stimulating because he was physically incapable of ejaculating again so soon!

The sustained rimming of his spasming ass pushed him to the very brink, in a series of wrenching, ball-aching not-quite-climaxes that pummeled his body into a state of exhaustion—and ecstasy!

“You can screw me if you want to, man,” Gregg told Mike breathlessly. “Not with your tongue—with your prick!”

“Beg for it, punk,” Mike growled, between licks of Gregg’s ass. “Beg for it!”

“I am begging for it, you fucker,” Gregg moaned. “I’m begging for your cock! Give it to me, God damn you! That tongue of yours is setting my asshole on fire, I’m burning up back there! I need a dick up my ass! I want a cock in there, fucking me! If you won’t do it, let one of the other guys in there! Fuck me, somebody! Fuck me!”

“Suck him while I screw you,” Mike told Gregg, pulling Gregg away from his brother and pushing him toward Ben instead.

Gregg didn’t argue! He got on his hands and knees on the mattress, with Ben’s legs positioned on either side of his head, and pulled the convict’s rapidly hardening cock to his lips.

It was like an apple on a stick, slick and delicious against his swabbing tongue! Ben raked his fingers through Gregg’s disheveled, sweaty blond hair, pushing down on his scalp to encourage Gregg to suck his balls first, then take his dick inside his mouth. Gregg was so turned on by the orgiastic situation that he really enjoyed blowing the man who’d just raped him, savoring the way Ben’s huge cock responded to the teasing of his tongue, the pressure from his lips. As it twitched and throbbed in his mouth, its veins in bas-relief against his tongue, Gregg could feel the gradual build-up of a fresh load of sperm within its core.

He had just begun to wonder what the hell was taking Mike so long when he felt the man, kneeling behind him, pressing the head of his dick between his buttocks and pushing it through his sphincter, inch by thick, bloated inch. Gregg groaned around the prick in his mouth, pushing himself backward to encourage Mike to shove himself fully inside him.

Mike’s cock penetrated him completely, and Gregg’s body shook under the impact of the man’s first fucking thrusts deep into his guts! His eyes rolled upward to glance at the face of the guy he was blowing: Ben’s

expression was distorted into a look of pained, almost drugged ecstasy, as his moment of ejaculatory inevitability approached, suck by suck!

Gregg reached out blindly for Shane's magnificently muscled body, knowing that the other brother must be hovering beside the bed, watching him suck and get fucked—he suddenly found Shane's erection, grasped it, and stroked it, giving Shane a hand job. With his other hand, Gregg fondled Ben's heavy testicles, milking them. Ben's legs suddenly shook on either side of Gregg's torso, momentarily going as rigid as his inflamed cock—and then Ben's prick burst, the hot sperm pouring down Gregg's throat like so much hot, white honey spilling from an overturned beehive!

Now that he could concentrate more on the fucking that Mike was giving him, Gregg had to admit that the guy was plowing his butt quite skillfully. Mike's fuck tool disappeared deep into Gregg's rectum on each downstroke, as though it were being sucked under by quicksand, and he groaned with satisfaction as Gregg flexed the inner muscles of his anus to tease and squeeze the shaft and the apple-sized head of his buried, rutting cock.

Mike reached around Gregg's body as his prick rammed in and out of the boy's asshole, his fingers toying with the wrinkled, sensitive flesh surrounding his testicles. This sensation seemed to make Gregg's rectum tighten up even more urgently around the cock that was raping it, coaxing Mike's prick to the bursting point.

Gregg was coming again himself, all over the bed, by the time his fucker did erupt in him, spitting thick globs of hot, come into the depths of his feverishly excited rectum.

The next thing Gregg knew, he was lying flat on his back on the bed, with Mike choreographing yet another complicated sexual stunt for all four of them! Shane now joined Gregg on the mattress, swinging himself around so that his face could wedge itself between Gregg's thighs. His half-erect cock swung pendulously over Gregg's mouth as the jock felt Shane's tongue slither between the sperm-lubricated lips of his asshole.

Gregg rose slightly to tease the gleaming, burgundy-hued head of the rimming bodybuilder's penis with his own tongue; it responded in quick jerks, hardening rapidly to its full extension. Before long, Gregg had both

hands wrapped around its length, squeezing it like a baseball bat. Then he scissored his legs over the back of Shane's strong neck and pressed his asshole against the guy's licking, sucking mouth as he stuffed Shane's turgid meat down his throat. Gregg's thighs turned into a muscular vise to ensure the captivity of Shane's head and tongue as he sucked him in exchange for the furious asslicking that Shane was giving him.

Mike's strong, expressive hands were suddenly all over Gregg, playing his body like a keyboard instrument; he plucked at Gregg's nipples and set them to bursting with hardness, his own dick once again fat with engorged blood.

When Mike put one hand on Shane's buttocks, his brother immediately and unquestioningly spread his legs wider and relaxed his ass cheeks. As his cleft opened, Mike rammed himself forcefully into his depths, plunging into his brother's ass all the way to his balls.

Still sucking Shane, who was still rimming him, Gregg could see and feel Mike's heavy nuts impacting against the underside of Shane's own balls as Mike pumped away with incestuous energy and glee, his fucking literally pushing his brother's prick in and out of Gregg's mouth!

Mike was exceptionally agile, Gregg noticed, adept at angling his thrusts in such a way that they obviously raked over every possible sensitive fissure and I fibre inside his brother's hungry ass. From his position on the bottom of the pile of naked, shuddering, sweating bodies, Gregg could look up directly into Mike's eyes as he humped away at Shane's butt above him—could observe the glint of savage lust now igniting them. It was obvious that fucking his brother was Mike's greatest pleasure in life.

The tempo accelerated and wet drops of perspiration fell upon Gregg from both brothers' bodies. Ben, the odd man out so far, now decided to insinuate himself into the increasingly furious action, kneeling on the bed in such a way that Shane was rimming Gregg's ass while literally squirming in Ben's lap.

Ben grasped the rimmer's head between his hands and lifted it from between Gregg's buttocks, planting a hot, wet kiss on Shane's lips before simultaneously pushing his cock inside Gregg's asshole and pushing

Shane's mouth down on his chest, urging him to lick and suck and chew on each of Ben's tits in turn.

Mike grunted. He was getting ready to come again, and Gregg willed himself to react simultaneously. It was a glorious orgasm when it finally hit him—thick, hot spurts of come, with the consistency of egg whites, gushed into Gregg's throat, all but choking him, as Mike began to blast his load up Shane's ass while Shane came in Gregg's mouth.

Gregg dug his fingernails into the hard muscles of both convicts' thighs as the first waves of his own unexpected orgasm tore at his senses, his rectum spasming deliriously around the bulk of Ben's prick as it fucked him.

Shane, who was shooting off in Gregg's throat, stopped chewing on Ben's tits long enough to dive down onto Gregg's helplessly erupting prick, licking it furiously with his tongue as its juices frothed and bubbled against his lips and ended up smeared all over his face.

Gregg returned the favor with some determined deep-throating, savoring the hot sperm that slid past his larynx like so much warm gelatin, savoring, too, the cock pumping in and out of his ass, the mouth on his cock, Mike's hands on his pecs, pinching his nipples—all four naked men humped and gasped and sweated their way through their climaxes together, ending up in a heap of flesh and entangled limbs and limp, drained cocks on the soiled sheets on the bed.

They lay there, almost paralyzed for what seemed like a long time. Each man cooled down in his own way. His meat shriveled, twitched and shrunk to its normal size. Though the blood flushed color didn't leave for some time.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the morning, when Mike roused them all from deep, exhausted sleep, Shane, Ben, and—especially—Gregg were all feeling pretty fucked out. Mike, on the other hand, seemed full of energy, as he hustled about, making breakfast for everybody and already starting to pack up the few things that he intended to take along on his flight to Canada.

Gregg was beginning to suspect that the guy wasn't human. For his own part, he felt okay, especially once he had some hot coffee and some breakfast in him. It had been a wild, lurid night of sexual excess, and, although he'd technically been raped and therefore felt a considerable lingering resentment toward all three of his assailants, he had to admit that it had also been one hell of an orgy!

At any rate, he had more important things to worry about now than his dubious sexual innocence. Could he trust Mike—who was the obvious ringleader—to let him go?

Mike was showing Shane a map, discussing the route he planned for them to take in a low voice.

"We'll leave the Jeep here and take the other car," he said, finally raising voice to include Ben in the conversation. "If you guys are ready, let's head out."

Ben didn't move. "I'm not going anywhere. Well, maybe back to the prison, I guess." He laughed, mirthlessly. "But nowhere else."

All three other men in the cabin looked at him, not believing what they'd just heard.

"Are you out of your mind?" Mike demanded.

Ben ignored him, and turned to Shane. "Come back to the prison with me, Shane. Let's turn ourselves in. This was a big fucking mistake."

"You are out of your mind," Mike sneered.

Ben glared at him. "You shut up! No I mean it," he said coldly, in a tone of voice that brooked no arguments, when Mike started to open his mouth.

Mike thought better of it.

“Let me have my say for a change,” Ben went on. Mike shrugged. “Do you want to live on the run for the rest of your life, Shane? What the hell kind of a life is that? Come back with me and serve the rest of your time. Then you’ll be a free man, you won’t have to keep looking around behind your back the whole time, once you are out!”

“You’ll both get extra time,” Mike pointed out in a low voice. “You know that.”

“We’ll probably both get our butts thrown into solitary for a month,” Ben sighed, “and no early parole for good behavior. They don’t like it when guys break out the way we did. But it still beats spending the rest of my life on the run.”

“You can do whatever the fuck you like,” Mike spat, “but Shane’s staying with me!”

“Can’t he speak for himself?”

“Sure I can. I want to be with my brother,” Shane insisted. “I’m not going back to that place, Ben. Not ever! They’ll have to drag me back, in handcuffs and leg irons.”

Ben shrugged. “I guess that’s settled, then. I hope you two guys make it okay. I’ll stay here for awhile and take care of the kid. He’ll only hold you back, if you take him along with you now. Don’t worry—I won’t let him go until you’ve had your chance to get clear of the area.”

Shane approached Ben. “For God’s sake, man—come with us! I thought we had something going for the two of us.”

“We did, man. But that was on the inside. It wouldn’t work for us out here. I can see that your brother comes first, as far as you’re concerned. That’s fine. I may not like it much, but I can understand it.”

Shane hesitated. “Then I guess this goodbye, Ben.”

“So long, Shane. I hope I don’t see you again—not back in the slammer, anyway! Good luck.”

Mike, looking increasingly anxious, waited while the two men embraced and kissed.

“We’ve got to get a move on,” he insisted. He put Glenn’s pistol down on the table. “You can keep this, man, in case you change your mind and do decide to make a run for it.”

Ben smiled at him. “I won’t change my mind.”

He shook Mike’s hand, and then the two brothers hurried out of the lodge and drove away in the car Mike had hidden in the shed. In his haste to be gone, Mike seemed to have forgotten all about Gregg, who was left alone with the husky blond convict.

“Are you really going to let me go?” Gregg asked bluntly. “Or—are you going to shoot me and leave me here?”

“Don’t be melodramatic, kid. I just want to get the hell out of here, and back where I belong, without getting myself shot by some trigger-happy sheriff or state trooper.”

“What made you decide—not to go with them?”

Ben laughed. “For about five minutes, I had this fantasy about me and Shane running off together and starting a life together somewhere. It was real nice. But I know it wouldn’t work. And not just because he’s got the hots for that smart stud brother of his. I just want to serve my goddamn time. Then, when I do get out of prison, I’ll really be able to make a fresh start.”

He looked at Gregg. “Now, the two of us have some serious talking to do before we leave. You’ve been kidnapped and raped, maybe shook up a little, but you’re all right, aren’t you? No real damage done?”

“I—I guess not.”

“And you wouldn’t want the fact that you got gangbanged to be in all the newspapers and on TV, would you?”

“Of course not!”

“Good! I’ll make you a deal... we’ll both keep our mouths shut about you getting fucked. But you’ve got to promise not to tell the cops where Mike and Gregg are headed. Just say you don’t know, that you didn’t hear them discussing it, when they interrogate you. And we’ll cook up some

story about how I helped you get away from them after I decided to turn myself in. That way, I may get time off for good behavior after all.”

Gregg had to laugh. “You really are an operator, Ben.”

“I don’t want this experience to be a complete waste, that’s all. Hell, I’ve already lost my fuck buddy, and I’m about to lose my freedom again. I just want to make sure it’s only temporary. If anybody ever finds out I screwed you they’ll lock me up and throw away the key.”

He examined his watch. “Let’s give them a couple of hours to reach the border,” he suggested. “You got any ideas about how to kill time until then?”

Gregg grinned. “You’re not really a bad guy, once somebody gets to know you.”

“Thanks, Gregg.”

“Why don’t we go to bed?”

“What—a farewell fuck? Is that what you have in mind?”

“Something like that.”

“I’m game. You really are one hell of a hot number, you know.”

“And if I go to bed with you willingly, then I can’t really say I was raped or forced to do anything against my will.”

“I like the way you think, kid.”

Gregg didn’t know exactly why he wanted to have sex with Ben again. Maybe it was relief that the ordeal was almost over, and that Mike, whom he was genuinely afraid of, had finally gone on his way. Maybe Gregg wanted to repay Ben back for sticking up for him. The convict would soon be back in prison. Gregg knew that Ben would be able to find sexual contacts there, but, somehow, it wasn’t the same as tricking with a guy in freedom, on the outside. He wanted to give himself to Ben now because he felt sorry for him, to make him a completely unselfish gift of his body for the next few hours.

He pulled all of his clothes off and stretched himself sensuously out on the unmade bed, smiling at Ben.

“Get naked, man. I want to see you naked again. All of you. And I want to feel that body of yours, against mine too.”

Ben stripped quickly in the growing daylight that penetrated the cabin’s windows. His prick was getting stiff, and he had to reach inside his opened jeans to extract it. He hauled it out—it jutted up from his groin like a fleshy derrick!—and clenched his sphincter muscle, making his hard-on jerk about in the air enticingly.

Ben sank down onto the bed next to Gregg, who opened his arms to him eagerly.

“What do you really like to do?” Ben asked, as Gregg began to kiss and caress his torso, deliberately exciting him with his mouth and hands, but avoiding his cock for the moment. “When you’re not being forced to have sex, I mean?”

“I’d like to fuck and be fucked,” Gregg said matter-of-factly. “It doesn’t really matter much to me, who does what. I’m pretty versatile, I hope.”

“You got fucked enough last night. Put yours up me this time.”

Ben grabbed a can of Crisco that Mike had left behind, along with some other groceries. He lay down on his back and held the open can up as Gregg reached into it and applied a glob of the vegetable shortening to his huge fuck pole, smearing the creamy lubricant all over his meat and massaging it into his lust-inflamed flesh.

The snowy whiteness of the product diminished as it liquefied into a smooth, transparent oil on Gregg’s cock. Finally, when he could stand the delay no longer, Gregg stopped massaging his jerking dick and wiped his oily hand across Ben’s tensed abdominal muscles.

Ben grinned. He seized Gregg’s hand by the wrist, pulled it to his lips, and sucked on each of Gregg’s oily fingers in turn, cleaning them of the Crisco.

Gregg shuddered. This guy was hot! Intent upon getting his horny prick up inside the stud convict’s butch ass, he whispered, “You ready, big man?”

“More than ready, kid. I’m desperate for it! Go ahead and fuck me! I can take it—as rough as you want to dish it out.”

He raised his legs up over Gregg's shoulders, letting them rest heavily there. This position brought his tight, hairy asshole up into perfect attack position, nestled into Gregg's crotch.

Gregg reached out for a bit more of the Crisco and applied it gently but thoroughly to the rim of Ben's asshole. The very touch of his greasy fingers there seemed to inflame Ben still more, and he began to buck his hips up from the bed, grabbing a glob of the Crisco himself and rubbing it over his dick so he could masturbate with it while Gregg screwed him.

He whimpered with horny impatience and need. "Fuck me, Gregg," he gasped "Oh, God, stud, go ahead and fuck me! Get back at me for what I did to you last night! I want your cock in me so bad it hurts!"

"My cock hurts, too," Gregg groaned "I'm getting blue balls from wanting to screw you so bad!"

He shoved his index finger inside Ben's asshole and began lubricating the inside of the channel.

"Wait until you feel my prick in there instead of just my finger," he promised, moving his finger around and around, penetrating gently all the way up against Ben's prostate.

"I can't wait," Ben warned. "I want your dick right away, right now!" He locked his ankles together behind Gregg's sturdy neck and squeezed his calves against the football player's well-developed shoulder and trapezoid muscles, as Gregg pulled his finger free of his clutching hole.

"Do it," Ben gasped. "Fuck me!"

Gregg pressed himself more tightly into the V-shape formed by Ben's legs, and, guiding his painfully aroused cock with his fist, he aimed its glistening, greased head directly at the convulsing anal opening. Ben waited, staring up at him with glazed, excited eyes, until he felt the snub nose of the younger guy's huge prick pushing against his flesh as it began to penetrate his body.

"Yeah," the convict grunted. "Fuck me! Get that fucking thing up in there! Ram the fucker right up my ass!"

Gregg took him at his word! He shoved roughly forward and felt Ben's sphincter relax just enough to let the head of his thick, bloated cock slide

inside the other man's body. Gregg pushed again, and from the way Ben trembled under him, he knew that he had taken him completely!

He looked down at Ben's huge cock and saw that the slit in its head was oozing a pearly drop of semen. Ben shuddered uncontrollably as Gregg began to hump him, not holding back with his prick at all, but rather letting Ben have all of it with each and every lunge. He drove his healthy young erection in to the hilt each time, Ben's legs tightening and relaxing about his neck as Greg fucked him with all of the energy pent up inside his body.

In and out he drove, with an unrelenting erotic fury—Ben bucking his hips up and down, meeting every thrust. As he fucked, Gregg caught a fleeting glimpse of Ben's own throbbing cock trapped between their bodies and being savagely masturbated by Ben's right fist, the fuck fluid fairly gushing from its open piss slit; but he knew that he hadn't brought Ben to a climax just yet, even though the stud convict was juicing himself up so slickly with his dripping emissions.

Gregg was limber from athletics, he wondered if he could actually suck or at least lick, Ben's cock while he screwed him.

With his dick all the way up the guy's ass, he doubled forward at the waist, his mouth wide open as he bobbed down toward Ben's slippery dick. Practically bent double, Gregg lunged and caught the slippery cock knob in a lip lock, holding on to it fiercely, licking it with his tongue, tasting Ben's salty emissions, thick and pungent in his saliva drooling mouth.

Ben was gasping desperately for breath every few seconds, his lungs working like a pair of bellows, his big body shuddering helplessly under Gregg's, his emotions completely out of control as Gregg fucked and sucked him simultaneously!

Still sucking on the head of Ben's cock, Gregg fucked back and forth with renewed intensity. In and out of that tightly clenched, spasming asshole, he drove his phallic piston until he knew that he was about to shoot his wad deep into the other man's body.

Ben was uttering throaty cries while Gregg pounded his butt nonstop, his greasy dick plowing relentlessly in and out, up and down, inside Ben's anal canal—just as Ben's own Crisco-flavored fuck tool was thrusting itself wildly in and out of the tight seal created by Gregg's slurping lips!

Gregg felt a surging pressure inside the meat in his mouth, and at the very instant that Ben moaned out loud, he caught the full barrage of Ben's sperm blasting against the roof of his mouth and the back of his throat. The gushing come seared his tongue and his gums, like so much hot cream splattering the interior of his mouth!

As he swallowed Ben's jism, Gregg fucked even more furiously. Ben knew that he was ejaculating inside the young jock's hot, wet, feverishly sucking mouth—knew, too, that Gregg's big prick was swelling in size as Gregg held it down within his rectum at the bottom of his drive.

Then Gregg came, with all the force of a torpedo bursting against the steel hull plates of a battleship! His thick load felt blistering hot as it filled Ben's butt with such a quantity of liquid that the convict felt sure it was going to come out of his open mouth as he screamed in lustful joy!

Gregg released Ben's cockhead and reared backward with his head, swallowing all of Ben's delicious come that he could; but there was just too much of it to get down his throat all at once. Half choking on the stud's load, Gregg panted for breath, aware of Ben's prick still spurting between their torsos, flinging its thick strands of glue-like semen all over his body. He felt Ben's jism anointing his pecs, tasted Ben's come in his mouth, felt it sliding down his throat, and felt his own cock still pumping its fiery fluid deep inside Ben, filling his asshole to overflowing with semen.

Gregg held his dick down hard, his ass cheeks clenching and the force of the tightening buttock muscles squeezing the sperm right out of his aching nuts, pounding every last drop of his sex-sap out of them and sending it hurtling deep into Ben's guts.

"Take it, man!" he cried. "Take it! Take my come!"

Ben moaned a reply, but Gregg couldn't make out his exact words. Gregg withdrew his swollen, spurting joint, only to drive it in again. He knew that it was still spitting out its load as he wiped his tongue around the inside of his mouth in an effort to collect every last bit of Ben's sweet jism and guide it down his throat.

Ben clung to him throughout their ejaculations as though their flesh was glued together by sweat and sperm, his mouth wide open as Gregg fell forward to cover it with his own burning lips. Ben's juicy cock was pinned

between the two men's muscular bodies, and both enjoyed the sensation as Gregg ground his abdomen against its slippery bulk.

They rested for an hour or so, and then made love again. They had the pleasure of bringing each other up to a full erection. Sucking and nibbling tenderly on the other man's cock. Feeling the soft skin crawl and the tube underneath harden. Once they were ready they began to sixty-nine this time, sucking slowly and teasingly on each other's pricks, until their lust had mounted to the point of no return and each man blasted another load of come into his partner's mouth and throat.

They didn't talk much, although they smiled at each other a lot, as they cleaned up, straightened up the cabin and left in the Jeep. Ben drove aimlessly at first, until they were back on the main highway and he spotted a sign announcing that a town was a few miles away. It turned out to be a small, sleepy community, with a single business street and very little going on.

It was easy to find the local police station. They parked and went inside the building, where a bored-looking cop was on duty behind a desk. He looked up at the two husky numbers as they approached him, both looking rather sheepish.

"What can I do for you guys?" the cop inquired. "Need directions?"

"Not exactly," Ben said. "I'm a dangerous criminal, and I want to turn myself in."

The cop looked at Gregg. "Is he putting me on?"

"Only about the 'dangerous' part," Gregg insisted. "Is there a phone around here I can use? I want to call home—"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Gregg insisted that he was perfectly all right, but Glenn insisted—just as vehemently—on taking him to the emergency room of the local hospital for a quick checkup. The doctor confirmed Gregg’s self-assessment, but prescribed “bed rest.” That was more excuse than Glenn needed to drive his brother straight home.

Leo started fussing over him, too, the moment they were all safely inside the house; so Gregg gave in.

“I do feel kind of tired,” he admitted. “Fucked out, is more like it. Maybe I will take a quick shower and catch some Z’s.”

“Are you hungry? If you are, I can bring you up something on a tray,” Leo suggested.

“Maybe later. Thanks anyway.”

The two older guys watched as Gregg stumbled wearily upstairs. A moment later, they heard the shower running.

“Thank Christ that’s over,” Glenn said shortly. “I’d never have been able to forgive myself if anything had happened to him.”

“It was all my fault, for tricking with that bastard in the first place,” Leo sighed.

Glenn grunted. “We were both stupid. But how in the hell were we supposed to know? The guy seemed perfectly legit.” He grinned in grudging admiration. “He really had his act together, I’ve got to admit. And—he was one hell of a good lay.”

“From now on, though, I plan to keep my dick in my pants,” Leo promised.

“Except when you’re around me, I hope. Don’t forget, Gregg has to go back to college next week,” his lover pointed out. “Then it’ll be just the two of us again.”

Leo smiled at him. “I think that’s about all I’m equipped to handle, right about now.”

Glenn was starting to get angry again. “If I ever get my hands on that motherfucking Mark Rinaldi again, though—!”

“McReynolds,” Leo reminded him quickly. “His real name’s Michael McReynolds.”

“Shane McReynolds’ brother. Right. Anyway, I’ll tear him apart with my bare hands—I swear to God,” Glenn said grimly.

He was making Leo nervous. “Why don’t I get us both a beer?”

“All right.” The doorbell rang. “Fuck! I’ll get it—and get rid of whoever the hell it is.”

Leo lingered behind while Glenn opened the front door. Both men were mildly surprised to find a young, athletic-looking number standing on the front porch, looking very anxious indeed.

Glenn had anticipated reporters, or one of his colleagues from the prison. “Who are you?” he asked bluntly.

“I’m Ralf. Gregg’s roommate from school. Is he here?”

“Come on in.”

Ralf looked at Glenn. “You’ve got to be Glenn, Gregg’s older brother. You sure do look like him.”

“My name’s Mud right about now,” the prison guard retorted lightly. “Gregg’s told me a lot about you, too. You’d better go right on up. He’s taking a nap. It’s the first door on the right at the top of the stairs. Make yourself at home.”

“Thanks.” Ralf nodded to Leo in passing, then bounded energetically up the stairs.

“Just what the doctor ordered,” Leo commented.

“I could use that beer,” Glenn said, laughing.

“Coming right up.” Upstairs, Ralf didn’t bother to knock on the closed bedroom door but turned the knob slowly and pushed the door open. He immediately caught sight of Glenn, in the bed asleep, nude, his clothes strewn over the floor between the bed and the door. His hair, damp from the

shower, was tousled on the pillow, and his face was buried in the crook of one arm.

Ralf didn't hesitate. He slipped into the room, closed the door, and quickly shed all of his own clothes, adding them to the piles on the floor. Naked, he tip-toed around to the other side of the bed, raised the covers, and cautiously slid in next to Gregg.

At last he was able to press his chest firmly against Gregg's bare back, put his arm around his torso, and hug him close—listening to Gregg's slow, regular breathing, feeling his heart beating deep inside his chest, inhaling his fresh, clean, masculine scent.

Ralf was prepared to just lie there, to possibly fall asleep himself, when Gregg turned toward him, squirming in his tight embrace, and started awake.

"What the fuck—? Jesus Christ! Is it really you, man?" he laughed breathlessly, staring at his friend in momentary disorientation.

"It's me. I heard about it—the prison break, and everything—on the radio. I just got in the car and drove right down here. God, it's good to see you!"

"Likewise, Ralf. Likewise!" Only, Gregg wanted to do a lot more than just see his fuck buddy. He wanted to touch and taste him, as well, to convince himself that Ralf was really there in the bed with him. He knew that Glenn wouldn't mind if he entertained his friend upstairs for an hour or two! That doctor had told him to get "bed rest", hadn't he? Gregg had no intention of getting out of the bed until he and Ralf had caught up with other in every way possible!

"Kiss me, Ralf," he begged, rolling over to face the other college student and embracing him possessively. "Kiss me, man! God, how I've missed you, these past few weeks!"

"Me, too."

"Let's make love," Gregg groaned, getting the words out quickly, between long, deep, passionate kisses.

"Your brother—and that guy—?"

“They won’t mind. They know all about us.”

They kissed again, but this time they relaxed into it, taking their time, knowing that they were going to make love and that there was no need to hurry.

Gregg brought Ralf’s face to his and their lips touched—so softly, at first, that they barely seemed to make contact. Gregg’s hands moved to clasp Ralf’s cheeks and hold his face between his palms while he ran the tip of his tongue over his lips.

Ralf’s mouth opened slowly and greedily, as though he, too, were savoring every stage in this foreplay. But then, suddenly, his lust got the better of him, and his powerful arms gripped tightly around his friend’s brawny torso and they began kissing quite furiously again, their open mouths locked together, their naked bodies squirming against each other under the blankets on the bed.

Gregg became the aggressor. He pulled Ralf toward him, rolling onto his back, so that the brown-haired stud lay on top of him, their crotches grinding hard against each other as their tongues met and toyed with each other in erotic sport.

As they kissed, Gregg slid his hand down the other athlete’s muscular body, from his chest to his belly, then down between Ralf’s husky thighs. He touched Ralf’s cock, which was already erect, and growing stiffer by the second as the two young men embraced and kissed like that. It was swelling into full, almost painful rigidity, just as Gregg’s own prick was swelling. Gregg took the bloated shaft of Ralf’s thick fuck tool in his hand, caressing it from its base to its tip, and Raif moaned deep in his throat as Gregg sucked on his tongue and squeezed his fist around his hot, throbbing cock.

“Yours, too,” Ralf choked between kisses. “I want to play with your prick, too!”

Gregg kept their chests and mouths pressed together, but raised his pelvis and twisted his hips to one side enough to give Ralf access to his crotch. The other football player instantly seized Gregg’s big dick, which pulsed strongly against his palm, as though welcoming the familiar pressure of his fist.

For several minutes they lay there like that, giving each other hand jobs, still kissing hard and lustfully, their manipulation of each other's hard-ons bringing both guys dangerously close to ejaculation.

Knowing that he might come too soon if they kept this up, Gregg pulled away from Ralf and began to kiss his way down his torso, an exciting trip that climaxed at Ralf's groin, where Gregg took his cockhead in his mouth and began to suck on it, his fist still enclosing the stiff, spasmodically excited shaft.

As he milked the dick with his hand, Gregg stuffed the head of it inside his famished mouth and took it deeply, finally easing his hand away so that he could engorge his throat with Ralf's thickness and potency as well. He forced himself down on the prick, until his lips were kissing Ralf's scrotum, his forehead was pressed against Ralf's taut belly muscles, and his nostrils were being tickled by Ralf's silky brown crotch hairs, so that Gregg had to fight an urge to sneeze as well as gag.

He held his buddy's hot meat inside his mouth for a long moment, simply enjoying the feel of it in there, before he actually began to suck. He pulled his lips back and forth in a steady rhythm, making oral love to that solid cock. His tongue licked it in a frenzy of activity, and he applied a strong, steady suction from deep down in his throat. His hands slid back up Ralf's torso, until they cupped his pecs and Gregg could tease his stiff nipples with his fingertips while he sucked.

Ralf groaned with pleasure as his body began to squirm under Gregg, his groin pushing up from the mattress to pump his horny prick in and out of his lover's mouth and throat with greater urgency. Gregg blew him selflessly, his head bobbing up and down between Ralf's legs, while Ralf accepted the intense pleasure that his sexy roommate's hot mouth and talented tongue were giving him.

His hands gripped the back of Gregg's neck and ran through his hair, holding his mouth down on his dick as he fucked it into the wet depths of the cocksucker's throat.

It was Ralf, though, who suddenly called a momentary halt to the proceedings. He pulled Gregg gently off his prick, which stuck up luridly

stiff and red, glistening with Gregg's saliva and foaming at the tip with fresh white jism.

"Don't make me come yet," Ralf moaned. "Let me suck yours, too!"

Gregg lay flat on his back and spread his legs, while Ralf twisted his big body quickly around in the opposite direction from his and climbed on top of him. Ralf adjusted himself until his dick hovered just above Gregg's face and his own head was above Gregg's crotch.

He grabbed Gregg's fuck tool and masturbated it energetically for a few moments, gauging its degree of erection, then took it into his mouth and drove himself all the way down on it, sucking Gregg as passionately, as hungrily, as Gregg had just made oral love to him.

Gregg tried to relax as his buddy blew him, Ralf's slick, warm tongue teasing his meat, Ralf's soft lips smacking with loud, wet sounds as he manipulated Gregg's cockshaft in and out of his ravenously feeding mouth.

But it felt too good, and Gregg couldn't remain passive for long. He opened his mouth again and pulled Ralf's dangling dick, which was suspended over his face like ripe fruit hanging from a vine, against his mouth, sucking the head and half of the shaft inside.

He put both hands on Ralf's muscular ass cheeks and pressed down on them firmly, pushing the full, solid length of the other guy's dick into his mouth and throat.

They sixty-nined like that for several minutes, their bodies slithering together and sweating, their mouths slurping obscenely around each other's erections. But Ralf obviously didn't want their sexual reunion to climax just yet.

He took his mouth away from his lover's cock and threw himself on the mattress next to Gregg's body, raising his legs high into the air.

"Fuck me, Gregg!" he panted. "I want to feel your cock in my ass again!"

Gregg was too aroused by their mutual cocksucking to waste any time. He found the lubricant that he kept beside his bed and applied it to his aching fuck tool, then fingered Ralf's asshole, rubbing the rest of the grease

into his sphincter rim. Ralf was shaking with lustful anticipation at this preview of being screwed when Gregg rolled on top of him.

Their mouths met again, hard, and their kiss turned desperate as Gregg began to push the slippery head of his prick between his friend's buttocks and against his hole.

Ralf wanted it, badly; but Gregg was hung so heavily that he had to wince when the thick head of the other guy's cock forced its way through his asshole and filled his rectum with its pulsating bulk and heat. Once it was inside him, though, Ralf took it like a man, eagerly accepting Gregg's lustful, fucking thrusts in and out of him, exulting in the size and potency of the prick his buddy was humping him with, and the skill with which Gregg wielded that awesome phallic weapon of his.

"Fuck me, man," Ralf gasped. "Oh, God, fuck me!"

He began to beat off as Gregg screwed him, the sight of his masturbation and the pressure of his anal muscles against Gregg's cock conspiring to excite his fucker. Gregg stared down at his friend as he fucked him. Ralf's handsome face was flushed and tense with wild desire, his whole body shuddering underneath Gregg's as he tried to take every inch of Gregg's dick up his ass and melt around it in orgasm.

"I'm going to come," Ralf warned him breathlessly. "Oh, God, Gregg—I'm going to come with your big cock in my ass!"

"Me, too, buddy," Gregg gasped. "I'm going to shoot, too! Right in that hot asshole of yours, man!"

Ralf's eyes, squeezed shut in erotic concentration, flew open, looking dazed, and his free hand shot up to grab Gregg behind the neck and pull his face down to his. Their mouths met in a furious, lip-bruising kiss, and only an instant later, Gregg felt the first hot splash of Ralf's sperm shooting up at his belly and chest.

Instinctively, he drove down into the other guy's asshole, burying himself to the balls, and held his cock deep in Ralf's guts as he, too, shot his fuck fluid in spasm upon spasm of helpless excitement.

Downstairs, Leo and Glenn were seated at the kitchen table, drinking their beers and trying to make small talk. It wasn't easy to keep up the

pretense of conversation, because both men could hear the sounds of Gregg and Ralf having sex in the bedroom overhead, and it was damned distracting!

“Your baby brother is really plowing his buddy’s ass,” Leo commented salaciously. “It looks like you’re going to have an overnight guest—Ralf’s butt will be so sore after that fuck that he won’t be able to stand up straight, let alone drive himself home!”

“He’s welcome to stay,” Glenn said, grinning at his lover. “But I expect you to keep your horny hands off the kid. He and Gregg seem to have a pretty good thing going for the two of them, and I don’t want to do anything that might screw it up.”

“Listen to him moan,” Leo groaned. “Gregg must really be putting the boots to him!”

“You sound rather envious.”

“I am.”

“You’ve got his big brother to fuck you like that, anytime you want,” Glenn reminded him suggestively.

“Not quite like that.”

“You bastard! I can out-fuck Gregg, any hour of the day or night,” the prison guard boasted.

“Prove it,” the cop challenged him. “Prove it right now, right this minute.”

Glenn swallowed the rest of his beer, then stood up from the table. “Take off your clothes.”

Leo, too, stood up and began to strip. “Are you going to fuck me right here in the kitchen? Aren’t we even going to have the decency to go upstairs and into your bedroom?”

“I don’t want to risk interrupting those two kids.” Naked and erect, Glenn rummaged around in the kitchen cabinets until he found a can of Crisco. “This ought to be good enough to grease up that horny asshole of yours,” he taunted Leo playfully. He began to smear the vegetable

shortening all over his prick. “You’re so hot to fuck, my dick’ll probably start to sizzle and bake the minute I slip it inside you!”

“You’re disgusting,” Leo laughed. “But I guess you are a pretty good fuck.”

“Let’s find out. Turn around, man. Bend over, grab the edge of the kitchen countertop, and let me in that hot ass of yours!”

Leo obeyed, and Glenn quickly stepped up behind him and, gasping and spreading Leo’s buns with both hands, inserted his greased fuck tool deep between them, with a single smooth, confident plunge.

“Holy Fuck,” Leo gasped, as he felt Glenn’s thick, hot ramrod slide rather roughly and aggressively in and out of his anal depths. “I’d forgotten what a stud you are, Glenn! But I still think Gregg could be better at it.”

Exasperated, Glenn grunted. “Then I’d better screw you until I’ve refreshed your memory, and reminded you whose fucking you really prefer!”

“My memory’s pretty bad, Glenn. You’re going to have to fuck me for a long, long time, so I can make a proper comparison. Like that, man—just like that, fuck me like that! Hard and deep! Fuck me, Glenn! Fuck me like a dog!”

As he crouched over the countertop, Leo could feel Gregg holding onto his hips, his fingers digging into his flesh, to steady him as he rammed his big fuck tool in and out of his butt, humping him faster and faster. Leo felt filled to capacity by his friend’s solid cock flesh, split in half by its bulk. But it was a pleasure beyond anything he had ever experienced with any other sex partner, although he wasn’t about to admit as much to Glenn!

As that savagely driving prick tore in and out of his guts, faster and faster, Leo felt the familiar raw, tingling ache of approaching ejaculation swell up in his own loins—in his guts—in his bloated balls and burning-hot penis—and he knew, as his cockhead rubbed frantically against the countertop it was resting on, that he was going to come very quickly while the prison guard screwed him so thoroughly and so well!

“Fuck me!” Leo howled in desperate pleasure, grabbing his own erupting prick in his hand and squeezing the fiery flesh tightly with his fist

as it frantically spewed out its thick gobs of fuck cream, which splattered wetly across the countertop in long white streaks. Groaning, Leo bent over still further, resting his head on his arm, his hips humping and twisting around the still-pounding cockshaft on which Glenn had him impaled.

“Fuck me, Glenn, fuck me through it!” he repeated, in a frenzy of orgasmic excitement.

Above Leo’s sweating back came the sound of deep groans and grunts, as Glenn, too, began to ejaculate. Leo felt the prison guard’s prick stab even deeper into him, as it exploded in a merciless flood tide of orgasmic violence!

“Yeah, man! Deep into me! Oh, that hot liquid, your come, Glenn—it’s shooting into me!” Leo exulted hoarsely. “I can feel it! I can feel your jism in me! Filling my ass! Burning me! More, stud, more! Let me have more of it! All of it! All of your hot come! Oh, God!”

Glenn fucked his way through his ejaculation, then, exhausted, lay slumped and breathing hard on Leo’s back, his dick still lodged in the other man’s asshole, its tip still spurting out sluggish little drops of come. Their sweaty bodies rubbed together lazily, sex odors mingling in the air. They breathed together, and Glenn slipped both of his huge arms around Leo’s torso and hugged him back against his chest tightly, kissing him on the side of the neck.

“God I love you, cop,” he simply said.

Without allowing Glenn’s cock to slip out of his ass, Leo turned around far enough so that they could kiss, passionately, their tongues plunging slowly in and out of each other’s open, yearning mouths.

Upstairs, Ralf and Gregg lay locked in each other’s arms similarly for several minutes after they’d stopped coming together. They, too, were still kissing, with Ralf’s legs still wrapped around Gregg’s waist, and Gregg’s dick still stuck deep inside him. Then, letting his legs fall limply back to the bed, Ralf breathed out a long, shuddering sigh of satisfaction, and eased the other guy off his body.

“That was some fuck,” he groaned.

“You’re telling me,” Gregg agreed.

“I can’t wait until we’re back at school together, so we can do this kind of thing every damn night.”

“Me either. I think you’re about the best buddy a guy ever had.”

They embraced, and as he pulled Ralf’s body against his own, Gregg ran his hand lightly down his fuck buddy’s sweaty back, looking down with a smile at the thick pools of Ralf’s semen splattered across both young men’s bellies and chests and thighs.

“We sure made a mess,” he said happily. “Come on, let’s take a shower together.”

“I thought I heard sounds from downstairs,” Ralf remarked.

Gregg listened. There were sounds, all right—heavy breathing, interspersed with loud moans of pleasure, and the wet slap of sweaty male bodies striking together in the rhythms of sex!

“They’re doing it,” he laughed. “So they’re not going to miss us. Come on!”

They got out of bed slowly, lazily, and went into the bathroom down the hall. Gregg got into the shower first and began scrubbing himself vigorously all over, smiling invitingly at Ralf as the latter watched him with undisguised admiration and desire.

Finally Ralf pushed back the shower curtain and got in beside him. He pulled Gregg against him, his skin wet and slippery from the soap and water, and put his arms around him.

Their mouths met yet again in a long, hard, impassioned kiss under the spray. Gregg broke the kiss, grabbed the bar of soap, and rubbed it roughly between his ass cheeks to lather up his asshole. Then he turned his back to his lover, braced himself against the tiled wall with his palms, and thrust his buttocks back into Ralf’s groin.

“Fuck me, man,” Gregg grunted. “Fuck me, Ralf, just the way I fucked you—and fuck me hard! I’ve been thinking about your cock, too. I want it! I need it! I love you, Ralf! God damn it, I really do love you! So fuck me! Hard! Come in my ass!”

It was an offer that no gay guy in his right mind would have been able to refuse! And Ralf, who was certainly in his right mind, and more than capable of physically rising to his lover's demand, didn't require his hot-assed stud roommate to invite him again, as he eagerly plunged his horny dick between the other guy's buttocks and drove it deep up his ass.

Downstairs, Glenn was also giving Leo his ass, having decided that, since Leo was such a good sport, he deserved to fuck a hot, tight, butch ass, too. Both brothers were getting exactly what they wanted out of life—and they were getting it from the most important men in their lives. The future, for both brothers and their lovers, promised to be very erotically satisfying indeed.

THE END